

# The SIGN



*National Catholic Magazine*



Our Stake in the Far East . . . . .	<i>Hallett Abend</i>
Strife and the Worker . . . . .	<i>John F. Cronin, S.S.</i>
Spiritual Pan-Americanism . . . . .	<i>Joseph F. Thorning</i>
Bird Fancier At Sea . . . . .	<i>Douglas Newton</i>
Rough Road of Conversion . . . . .	<i>Jeannette M. Lynn</i>

*April 1941*

**Price 20c**

# Take Mrs. Wang, For Instance

Blasted from her home by bombers, torn from her family, she tramped the crowded trails from her shattered town to one of our mission cities in Hunan.

No beggar, this sturdy lady. She may not know what "Thumbs up" means, but she is of the stock that is as patiently brave as any in the world.

Does it matter that she is just Mrs. Wang—rather than Mrs. Murphy, or Mrs. Jones? It shouldn't.



*Your dime, or your dollar, or your ten spot will buy nourishing food, decent clothes, medicine. It will give shelter and warmth, new hope and fresh courage to the women of China who are besieging our Missions.*

*Send what you can—now.*

HUNAN RELIEF FUND • THE SIGN • UNION CITY, N. J.

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Cover Drawing "The Resurrection" by Mario Barberis



# Personal MENTION

• As Far Eastern correspondent for the *New York Times* for fifteen years, HALLETT ABEND certainly understands *Our Stake in the Far East*. Under that title he tells this month up-to-the-minute facts (since he has but lately returned to the United States) about that seething part of the world. We are indebted to this expert for a clear analysis of conditions there.

Oregon born, Mr. Abend spent most of his life in the West before going to China. Stanford University, a stretch of two years in the backwoods, and newspaper work—in which he attained to responsible positions—prepared him for the important Far Eastern post. His scoop of the Three Power Pact story climaxed a series of adventures. He was advised by high officials to leave China if he valued his life. Details of this episode in his exciting career, as well as an enlarged account of the Far Eastern situation, will be given in his forthcoming book, *Japan Unmasked*, to be published by Ives Washburn.



Hallett Abend

• HERE is the background for JEANNETTE MURPHY LYNN: BORN of an Irish lawyer-father and a pioneering school-teacher mother, she grew up in the atmosphere of a small Iowa town, in the shadow of the little Congregational college founded by her maternal great-grandfather. Her grandfather was a potato-famine emigrant from



Jeannette M. Lynn

County Cork in Ireland. Bruce Company has published her work, *An Alternative Classification for Catholic Books*. Uninteresting as the title may be, it is a book of great service, and came out of her own extensive experience as a librarian. A few years ago she received two degrees—one an M.A. from the University of Chicago, the other a MRS., from Cletus L. Lynn. There are three children to occupy her time. We can sympathize with her religious experiences as described in the *Rough Road of Conversion*.

REV. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S., considers his present article, *Strife and the Worker*, the most important of the series he has written for THE SIGN. His numerous followers will not want to miss this one. Father Cronin is Professor of Economics at St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore.

• CONGRATULATIONS TO JOHN C. O'BRIEN of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* on his election as president of the White House Correspondents' Association! His accurate reporting has kept our readers well informed on national topics. This month he has something to say on *Paying for National Defense*.

• THREE stories are offered as lighter fare: *Bird Fancier at Sea*, by DOUGLAS NEWTON; *Bloom on the Orchard*, by HAROLD TITUS; and *Blank Check*, by RAY CARR. The last named author is E. C. V. FOUCAR, a barrister who has practised in Burma for many years.

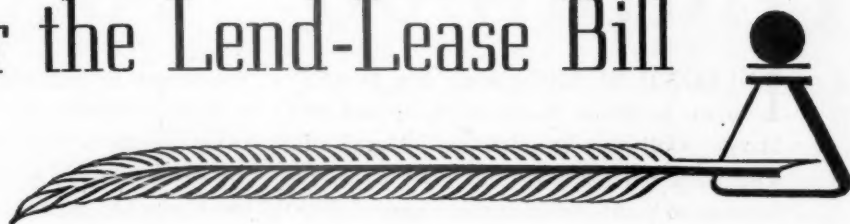


Ray Carr



# EDITORIAL

## After the Lend-Lease Bill



THE battle fronts have multiplied. There is little in the national or international scene to bring to the world a surge of hope for the speedy return of peace. Rather as nature renews herself and life stirs within the slumbering soil, man's machines of death swing into line for even wider destruction.

Screaming shells will drown the innocent trilling of the birds; buds will be blasted by bombs; and spring itself will recoil under the impact of men locked in deadly combat. Where grew the wheat, will burrow nests of guns. Where gurgled crystal streams, will flow the blood of youth.

Here is a paradox of war. With millions of men under arms, the individual soldier is belittled to the breadth of a metal identification tag. Yet each one of the millions is appealed to as though he were the very foundation stone of the nation.

There is this much truth in the appeal—that the lone private may deservedly become the idol of the public, while his general remains unknown to the crowds. For a hundred thousand dead victims, there may be one living hero. And out of all this immeasurable suffering and sacrifice may come a better day, a lasting peace, a just distribution of this world's goods.

Such serious thoughts, we are to presume, were in the minds of our legislators when they passed the Lend-Lease Bill. They were alarmed. They saw a danger that, to their way of thinking, could be avoided only in one practical way. They were conscious of a tremendous risk, but convinced that refusal to pass the Bill would expose us to an even greater peril.

THIS historic step must be hated and resented by leaders of the totalitarian regimes. But it is quite unlikely that such men, who have staked everything on this war, will be moved from their course. Their one hope seems to lie not in delay or retreat but in a smashing advance.

Since our country has no intention of backing away from the stand it has taken, the percentages are very much on the side of our getting into the conflict openly and actively. We have nothing to gain by not being realists. The implications of our spending billions also point to active participation. Hard-headed, calculating

Americans may individually gamble a few dollars now and then, but they will not put themselves, their business, and their families in debt unless they believe it to be absolutely necessary.

If some happy turn of events should save us, as we pray it will, from the horrors of war—we are yet faced with a few serious facts. Vast sums of money are to be spent at once on armament. The national debt incurred by these expenditures brings with it the threat of "compulsions and restraints." Not in the dim, distant future, but here and now the common citizen must be prepared for the effect of this spending on taxes, prices, and our entire economic life.

So the man in the assembly line, the man in the steel mill, and the man at the lathe are not only producing. They are going to pay for what they are producing. They are also going to ask for results, and for a voice in the future at all times—whether there be peace or war. As long as there is a democracy these common men, who are the very pillars of the nation, are going to exercise vigilance over the acts of their representatives.

ONE witness before a congressional committee stated: "It is precisely because the liberty-loving British people and their government have refused to be stampeded into relaxing their control over the executive that they so richly deserve the sympathy of Americans."

Here is a thought for our more alarmed citizens to ponder. It presents in new form the warning sounded here last month: don't give up your democracy under the guise of defending it; don't be led into bondage in fighting for freedom.

If there is still much that we do not understand, let us remember that in peace which we desire or in war which we loathe, we can balance the confusing facts of life only with the clear beliefs that will be fulfilled in eternity.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*

# First Catholic Seminar to South America

**I**N CONJUNCTION with the Department of Social Sciences of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, **THE SIGN** will sponsor the First Catholic Seminar to South America this summer. The Board of Editors of **THE SIGN** has designated two Mount St. Mary's faculty members, the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, professor of sociology, and the Rev. Dr. John A. Weidinger, associate professor of philosophy, as co-Directors of the Seminar, whose program is to be co-ordinated with the courses of studies offered at the Summer Session of the University of San Marcos, Lima, Peru.

The co-operation of the Peruvian Government and of the Grace Line is assured for the project, which is expected to get under way the first week in July. Seventy days will be required for the entire program, comprising studies on shipboard en route to South America, a selection of courses at the University in Lima, and a number of field excursions and side trips. Some of the latter are to remain optional. Facilities under competent direction will be offered to those who wish either to initiate or improve their knowledge of the Spanish language. Principal emphasis, however, will be placed upon an intensive survey of Iberian history as well as Latin-American culture, art, economics, and sociology. Dr. Thorning will supervise the studies in sociology and economics, while to Dr. Weidinger will be committed the research into South American culture and art.

**THE SIGN** is taking this initiative because the conviction is growing that a national effort is required to lay the proper foundations for a vigorous spiritual Pan-Americanism. In securing Dr. Thorning and Dr.

Weidinger to lead the Seminar, the Board of Editors believes that the members invited to participate will be able to enjoy the benefits of first-hand, accurate information on the Latin-American scene. Both these scholars have been in touch with the leading South American statesmen, university professors, research experts, and the diplomats of many nations. Best of all, they have studied the Hemisphere defense aspects of inter-American policy. **THE SIGN** has full confidence in the personnel of this mission.

**A** **FUND** has been established to found two gold medals which are to be awarded annually: one to the citizen of Latin America who makes the richest contribution to spiritual Pan-Americanism; the other to the North American who excels in like fashion. This award will be called "The Sign Las Americas Medal." Those to be nominated for this prize may be Protestant, Jewish, or Catholic. A panel, chosen without distinction of race or creed, will be selected upon a national basis to make the annual awards. It is expected that the American citizen to be honored will be notified in June at a banquet to be held in Washington, D. C. The South American award will be announced in the course of the summer. A New York jeweler has completed the design of both medals, stressing the ideal of inter-American co-operation. Prominent in this design is the "Good Neighbor" motif.

It is planned eventually to expand the Seminar project to every country of Central and South America. Outstanding scholars, diplomats, government officials, and spiritual leaders will be invited to participate.



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

SOME have argued that we have been in the war since the amendment of the Neutrality Act. That may be an exaggeration, but it can hardly be denied that with the

## The Road to War

passage of the Lend-Lease Bill our feet are planted squarely on the road to war. We still maintain the fiction that our aid to Britain will be short of war, but each step we take leads us further from our former neutrality and nearer to actual participation in hostilities. Whether there is any turning from the road on which we are proceeding depends on circumstances beyond our control. But to go back now would be a psychological impossibility. We have gone too far for that. We are borne on by the impetus of a movement which gains momentum with each passing day until it has finally become irresistible. It may be argued that it is better to fight by the side of Britain now than to fight alone afterward. But that is not the point. The point is that while we declare that we shall not go to war we are all the time marching steadily along the road that leads to war.

By the Lend-Lease Bill we have committed ourselves to a British victory; we have pledged our honor and our resources to this cause. We have been telling ourselves that our help to Britain will stop short of a certain point—active belligerency. It won't. We are too much involved now to stop at that final step. And in these days of undeclared wars, how will we know anyway when we have reached a point just short of belligerency—even if it were left to us to decide? It is just possible that the decision may be made for us by those who consider our acts hostile. And even if there were a clear marker on the road to war, showing us the exact point beyond which we could not go without entering hostilities, would we hesitate for a moment to pass it if we felt that unless we did England would go down to defeat in spite of all the help we had given? We would argue that if England went down to defeat because we failed her after encouraging her to go on, we would be in a critical position ourselves. Would not a resentful England, under Nazi pressure and perhaps a fascist regime, turn on us as the cause of her ruin? Might we not then have to face not only the onslaught of the totalitarian powers but the fury of the fallen democracies which would accuse us of failing them in their hour of direst need? If Britain is faced with defeat unless we enter the conflict, it is our opinion that the United States will enter the war.

The danger in our present course is that we do not realize our danger. We are marching on the road to war, telling ourselves that when we get there we shall stop—when as a matter of fact we shall find it impos-

sible to stop. It is better for us to face the facts and to prepare accordingly than to permit ourselves to be deceived by any short-of-war slogans.

It is difficult not to be impatient with some commentators on foreign affairs who miss no opportunity to condemn the Vichy Government for every

## The Vichy Government and the Nazis

collaboration with Germany. As a matter of fact and of record, Marshal Pétain has displayed the highest courage and the greatest independence possible under the circumstances in his relations with the Reich. This does not satisfy some of his critics, who at an editorial desk or a microphone over three thousand miles from the scenes of war's havoc condemn what they have not taken the trouble to understand.

There are a great many factors that must be taken into account in considering the Vichy Government's relations with the Nazis. Just one of them is the fact that the Germans hold 2,000,000 French prisoners of war. *La Croix*, a French Catholic paper, (quoted in the *Tablet* of London), commenting on the return to France of 10,000 internees from Switzerland, writes:

"Greater would be the joy in many homes if the 2,000,000 prisoners could be set free. M. Scapini (Marshal Pétain's envoy to the Reich for matters connected with French prisoners of war) has succeeded in obtaining some mitigations in the fate of fathers and eldest sons who have more than four children dependent on them, but he recently explained the reasons why the concession cannot be extended to others. In a declaration made in Berlin, he stated the German point of view in these words: 'If the French still consider Germany as an adversary, it is childish to ask for the liberation of the prisoners. On the other hand, how are we to know that France has understood the hard lesson of history? Only a friend can ask a friend to relinquish some of his rights.'

"Hence one can understand the dilemma," continues *La Croix*, "which our Government's plenipotentiary for prisoners of war has put before us: you either collaborate with Germany, in which case an amelioration of the prisoners' conditions will be possible, or you refuse to collaborate, and you must not expect any favor. It is a painful dilemma, but how is it to be escaped?"

With 2,000,000 French soldiers held by the Germans as hostages for the good behavior of the Vichy Government, it is small wonder that the French have had to do some "collaborating." It is a credit to their courage that they have not done more.



INTERNAL and jurisdictional disputes, as well as what one labor official termed the mistakes of "local crackpots," have been given great prominence in the press.

### A Serious Threat to Labor

Men in high standing have condemned the activities which have interfered with our defense program. But there is something more in the air than a sincere corrective or justifiable disciplinary measures. Many of labor's leaders and some of its disinterested friends are disturbed by the fear that the entire movement is under attack.

Tackling a discussion which hardly escapes the headlines for a single day, Father John F. Cronin, S.S. comes to labor's defense in his current article, *Strife and the Worker*. The seriousness of strikes and factional disputes can be overemphasized, but the threat to the whole labor movement, he believes, must be exposed. Admitting that its own abuses have left it exposed on certain flanks, he fears that there is danger of labor losing many of its gains.

We repeat what has often been written here—that sane and intelligent leadership, not multiplied legislation, is labor's best protection. Never more than at the present moment should the rank and file of our unions insist on such leadership. For there is reason to fear that a nation which is spending billions for defense may become alarmed and aroused over even an apparent obstruction to this program. This antagonism is more likely to be generated swiftly today when machines and weapons, on which the outcome of modern war depends so largely, are at the mercy of production.

The National Defense Mediation Board may provide an answer to this difficult problem.

ONE of our more forthright columnists recently remarked that the United States is not a country club. His expression was occasioned by a visit to some Negro

### Passionists in the Negro Apostolate

troops. His logic brought him to a conclusion that should be obvious to all: if the Negro is asked to defend and, perhaps, to die for this country, he might well expect to have equal opportunities with other races.

There is no dispute where other races are concerned. Welsh coal miners, Irish firemen, Italian bakers, Jewish tailors, German farmers—their ancestry is not a handicap once they can say, "I am an American." This is still a land of opportunity.

It would be a disgrace to Catholics if anyone could honestly say of our Church that it is a "country club"; that it does not open its doors to all; that the pigment in a man's skin, or the shape of his head, or his absence from the social register barred him from full benefits of membership in the Church.

No one can prove such a charge. But Catholics themselves have been the first to admit their failure to reach as many of their fellow citizens in this country as they should. Not the least neglected have been the Negroes. Our Southern brethren have been burdened with their own heavy loads, and faced with complicated problems whose seriousness is not always appreciated in the North. Southern Catholics welcome now the zealous

efforts of priests and Sisters who are undertaking the conversion of the Negro.

Tribute to those who labor in this neglected but promising field is called forth by the dedication of the Holy Family Church in Ensley, Alabama. This pioneer foundation of the Western Passionist Fathers, whose headquarters are in Norwood Park—Chicago, is hailed by their Eastern brethren. Our readers of long standing know of the work of several Passionists, beginning with the venerable Father Mark Moeslein, C.P., who have labored among the Negroes in North Carolina for many years. May this Christ-like apostolate be blessed both with support and with encouraging success.

ALERT to the unusual problems arising from the domestic and the foreign situations, our Bishops have launched two projects which call for our full co-operation.

### Our Bishops Call on Our Charity

First of these is the National Catholic Community Service. All our organizations—parish, city, diocesan and national—will

be called upon to support an extensive program.

Activities will be directed primarily to those areas affected by defense measures, whether military or industrial. Protection will be provided against unwholesome influences on our young men who are in service, and facilities will be expanded for religious training and for recreational interests.

The other project is a development of the Bishops' Relief Committee, set up last August. By the time you read these lines you may have heard already the coordinated appeal in our churches for relief in foreign countries, and for the Mexican Seminary in Las Vegas, New Mexico.

For both these efforts to exercise the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, we ask continued interest and support from all our readers. God has blessed us so abundantly that we should be happy to share our gifts with others.

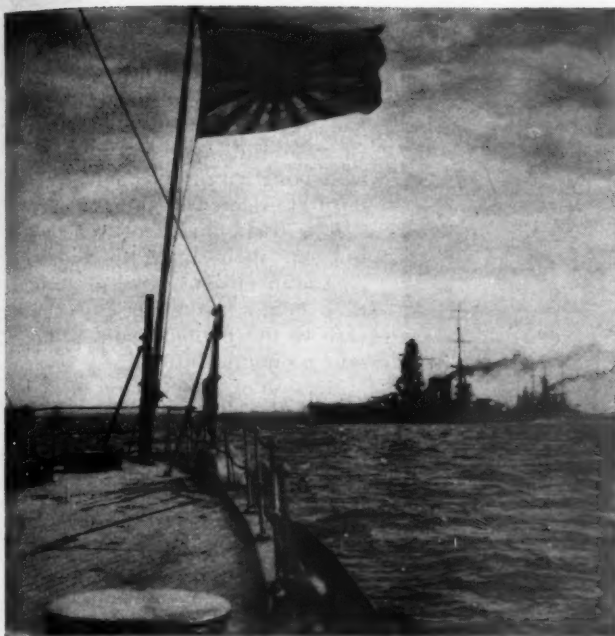
It would be very short-sighted to build up a military machine which did not possess morality as well as morale. Our young men must feel that in getting into the service they have not gotten out of the reach of our interest. For sufferers abroad our sympathy can be translated into succor through the spirit of sacrifice.

IT is well known that Hitler has a great admiration for Bismarck. In many respects he resembles the "Iron Chancellor" and evidently copies his great predecessor in some of his policies. In

### Bismarck and Hitler

view of this fact, we cannot help wondering if Hitler is familiar with a remark Bismarck made to Foreign Secretary Count Paul Hatzfeld. Said Bismarck: "Besides the Balkans, there are three wasps' nests on our planet, the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, and the American Monroe Doctrine. God grant that Germany may never poke her fingers into any of them." Under some of Bismarck's successors, Germany did "poke her fingers" into some of those "wasps' nests" and never came out the better for it. Will Hitler succeed where others failed? Only time will tell.





European photo

Units of the Japanese fleet maneuvering in Far Eastern waters

ONE of the most unusual and abrupt shifts of American public opinion is that which has occurred within the last eighteen months in regard to the Far East.

Late in 1939 most Americans still took the narrow view of all the problems involved in Japanese aggression: that Americans and American interests should withdraw from China, from southeast Asia, and from the islands southward of the Philippines.

"If Americans out there are likely to get into trouble, they should come home," was the popular attitude, coupled with mutterings to the effect that the principal American interests in the Orient were those of the great oil companies, and that we should not risk war because of their losses.

Now, surprisingly, there is a sharp shift of opinion in favor of open intervention in the Orient. A recent nation-wide poll of public opinion has shown that even more than 40 per cent of those who voted favor using armed force against Japan if she attacks Singapore.

As a people, we seem to be becoming belatedly conscious of the fact that our own well-being may easily be at stake, even though a given field of conflict is more than 6,000 miles away, and we have abruptly become international-minded enough to envision the fact that we cannot afford to remain in isolation up to the

point where we would find ourselves alone and friendless facing inimical powers.

This belated awakening to danger and to responsibility is probably largely due to the fact that late last September Japan openly and formally joined the Axis Powers and signed what is now known as the Tripartite Pact. Our sympathies, as a people, had been so keenly aroused on behalf of England and the other democracies, that only at long last did we see the problem as a whole, and realize that what has been happening in the Far East for nearly four years is only part of a general development of world thought and world politics which exalts might beyond right, and seeks to justify aggression and greed on the ground of "manifest destiny."

Before Japan's rash and irrevocable step of last September, most Americans had rather aloofly considered the assault upon China as a quarrel between two Oriental peoples which concerned us only remotely. We resented deeply the outrages perpetrated by the Japanese soldiery, we raged rather guardedly over outrages against American citizens, and sympathized with Americans who lost their property in the Far East. We raised relief funds for the Chinese people, and approved American governmental loans to China, but actually our intellectual

and emotional reaction was still too slight to force Washington to put a complete embargo upon the sale of war necessities to Japan.

Self-interest may have played a minor part in awakening our public to the gravity of the problems involved for us in the Far East. We began to realize that we look to Singapore and to the Dutch East Indies for our essential supplies of tin, rubber, and quinine. With Japan in control of those areas, her Axis partners in Europe would, of course, have first call upon these war necessities, and our own rearming and preparedness efforts would be in jeopardy.

But material considerations have not been determining factors in the new American attitude. As always in our history, it is the moral cause and the emotional involvement which sweeps us into the great streams of history. So it was in 1776, in 1812, in 1861, in 1898, and again in 1917. Once more we are willing to become committed to a cause, instead of being willing to risk ourselves in the defense of things purely material.

The beginnings of the American stake in China are found about a century and a quarter ago, when the Clipper sailing ships first went to Canton for teas and silks, and the ports of New England waxed rich on the fabulous trade around the Horn. And to our credit it can be said that

# OUR STAKE IN THE FAR EAST

By HALLETT ABEND



Wide World photo

*View from a watchtower of China's Great Wall. The troops are Chinese*

cultural and religious activities in the Far East were developed just as rapidly as were commercial relations.

The chapters of American history in the Far East contain many pages of violence which are lamentable reading today. As always, the blame is mixed, according to the viewpoint of the one who sets himself up to judge. In some circles it is the fashion to say that we should not have forced foreign trade upon the Chinese by bombarding their ports; others say it was an impertinence and a shoddy brand of imperialism which backed up the efforts of our missionaries and educators with belching cannon.

Actually, the case is not so simple. The American Government never resorted to violence against China in protection of the interests of any one class of American citizens or interests. By various treaties made between Washington and the old Imperial Government in Peking, American citizens were accorded certain rights in China—rights to trade, to reside, to carry on commercial, religious, and cultural enterprises. When the anti-foreignism of an ig-

norant and long isolated people resulted in violation of the persons or properties of Americans, the American Government sent gunboats or soldiers or Marines to give Americans in the Far East that protection which the government of China was unable to accord them, in spite of its treaty pledges to do so.

Today, after a century and a quarter of increasing activity and commitments in the Far East, particularly in China, our stake is greater and more varied than ever before. And that stake is menaced wherever the shadow of Japanese militarism falls.

Our commitments are vastly greater in things of the spirit and in intangibles like honor and moral obligations than in material things.

It is bad, of course, when we as a people tamely submit to the Japanese bombings of American hospitals, schools, homes, churches, banks, warehouses, and oil tanks. Those buildings and investments were there under protection assured to them by treaties between governments, and the destruction of them is nothing but a series of lawless and, in some cases, vengeful acts.

It is bad when a corrupt and grafting army forces the closing of American firms which represent decades of investment and effort. It is bad when a greedy power grabs China's railways, and Americans who bought railway bonds in good faith are denied their legal interest.

It is tragic and deplorable when, to save their lives, thousands of American citizens have to abandon their homes in the Far East, and return to the United States to uncertain economic futures.

Because of these phases of the developments of the last four years of Japan's striving toward the domination of what Tokyo now calls "Greater East Asia," the American Government is bringing ever-increasing pressure against Japan. Hundreds of American claims for damages or redress are outstanding, and as Washington continues to increase embargoes against Japan, more and more of them are being settled equitably. So much for our material stake in the Far East.

But we, as a people, also have enormous moral commitments, not only to the people of China, but to those of Manchuria, of Indo-China, of the Philippines, and even to a not inconsiderable number of the people of Japan.

During more than a century of effort we have Christianized, collectively, several millions of the peoples of "Greater East Asia." The Japanese militarist abhors Christianity, and the weight of army repression is felt in all the occupied lands. We have educated millions of people in the Far East in the precepts of democracy. We have taught them the value of freedom of speech, of press, and of assembly. The Japanese military machine abhors these freedoms, and has taken them away from even the common people of the Japanese Empire itself. We have educated, in the Orient and in the universities of this country, thousands of men and women from the Far East. We have made of them engineers, educators, doctors, lawyers, economists.

In the occupied areas these educated people are severely repressed. The attempt is sternly made to repress even freedom of thinking. Wherever the Japanese army goes higher education ends. In Manchuria all the universities have been closed, and even in the primary and

lower grade schools the minds of the children are twisted and misinformed by a specially devised system of education designed to bring them up as workers and glorifiers of an all-powerful Nippon. Manchuria points the way for developments in China; from all of Manchuria only about 500 young men, carefully chosen for their pro-Japanese leanings, are permitted to go to Japan for university courses every year.

Are we to abandon all this fine effort of education in the Far East? Are we to permit the Japanese to suppress Christianity and Christian principles wherever their army rules, and to dominate utterly the education of the minds of tens of millions of children and boys and girls approaching maturity?

One of our greatest national commitments is in the Philippine Islands. Many of our most astute naval and military strategists say that we should withdraw from the Philippines, that our position there is vulnerable and dangerous, that our natural and strongest defense line runs from Panama to Hawaii and then to Alaska.

Many of our political leaders say that the Filipinos have made themselves a political nuisance, shouting

for independence for the last thirty years, and that now that it has been promised to them in 1946 we should make them accept it, even though Japanese aggressive policies have made such independence a peril instead of a prospective blessing.

Many of our sugar men, including farmers who grow sugar beets, want us to cast off the Philippines, so that sugar from the islands will no longer enter this country duty free.

But here again the moral obligation must be considered, regardless of strategy, politics, or trade. We have administered the Philippines so excellently that the population of the islands has enormously increased since we bought them from Spain. We have spent about forty years teaching them the methods and blessings of democratic government.

The Hadjis in all the mosques of the Netherlands East Indies tell 50,000,000 Mohammedans every day that if the Japanese conquer the East Indies the Malays will be degraded to the level of coolies working for harsh masters. That is true, and it would be equally true concerning the fate of the Filipino people if we abandon them.

As a people and as a government, we have regarded the war in Europe,

and have decided that "all-out aid for England" is the best and surest way of protecting our own way of life. But the struggle is not confined to Europe nor to the Atlantic.

If Japan makes an assault upon Singapore, the sea lanes between the British position in North Africa, and to a large extent the sea lanes between England and Australia and New Zealand will be cut. Such a stroke on the part of Japan might turn the scales and assure a German and Italian victory in the Mediterranean and in Europe.

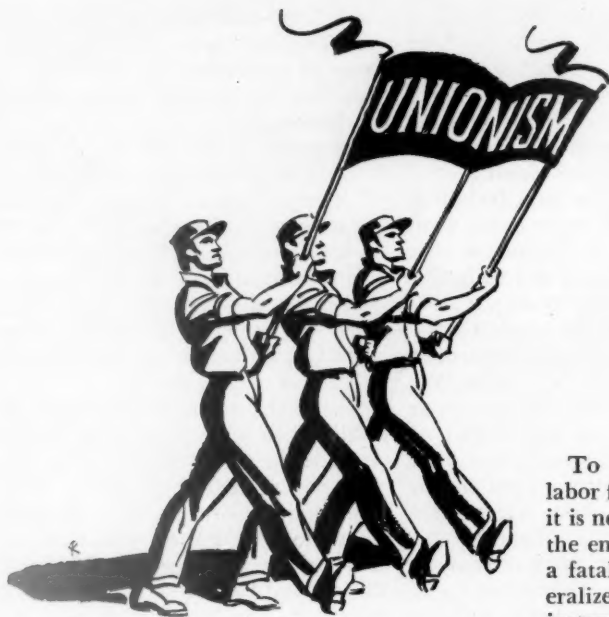
Our stake in the Far East may, in addition to many other vital things, include the safety of our own future and our present way of life. With the coming of spring it is apparent that the Axis Powers will stand or fall together. Assuredly England, China, and Greece will stand or fall together. The isolationists will declare vehemently that our stake in the Far East is not important enough to justify the risk of war by seeking to protect it. But actually our position in the Far East is not only a part of the world problem, and a part of the problem of our future, but what we do about it may be the determining factor in the future of all the democracies of the world.



Photo courtesy of U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau

Some of the ships of Uncle Sam's Pacific fleet shown in recent maneuvers during rough weather





# Strife and the Worker

*A Discussion of the Labor Situation That May Shock the Reader Out of Many Preconceived Notions on the Subject*

BY JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

**T**HERE is no serious labor trouble in the United States today.

In 1940 there was a strike of capital more menacing to defense than all the labor strife since the war began in September 1939.

Relatively speaking, there are fewer strikes today than in any comparable period in our history. In fact, man-days lost through strikes in 1940 were less than one-fourth those lost in 1937; and about one-third of those lost in 1939.

Racketeering and Communism are not major issues in the labor union of the present day.

These four statements may seem to most readers to be distortions of the truth. Yet they are probably a more accurate picture of actual events in March 1941, than the story often given through the newspapers and the radio. It is likely that a person well informed concerning the entire picture of American industry would find them substantially correct. But even if they are but half true, it follows that the American public has been misled on a vital problem. It has been stirred up to a state of almost hysterical condemnation of labor activity in general and strikes in particular. Such a situation is serious, when national unity is so badly needed. So much depends upon the good will and co-operation of labor that sheer expediency, apart from justice, demands that workers be not embittered by slander and calumny.

To understand the labor front in America, it is necessary to survey the entire picture. It is a fatal mistake to generalize from isolated instances. Thus, for ex-

ample, it was stated that the strike of capital has set back defense far more than any strikes of labor. This statement, if true, naturally affords an entirely different perspective on the industrial situation. This assertion is true. During 1940, essential defense industries in large numbers refused to expand plants, sublet contracts, train skilled labor, or even to accept government orders. They staged a sit-down strike until defense bids were given on their terms.

Their first demand was the permitting of a five-year period of amortization out of current earnings for all new buildings constructed for defense purposes (with plants still remaining property of the manufacturers after the government had thus paid their full cost). Their second requirement was repeal of the eight per cent profit limitation on armaments contracts, with the substitution of a mild excess profits tax in its place. After long delay the government capitulated and industry released the patriotism so successfully held in check. Then, after a delay of six to nine months or more, the defense program really commenced. Now the industrialist working on defense contracts may be leasing a government-owned factory. He may have built his own with the government guaranteeing repayment of his costs in five years. This is the "bankable contract;" after five years the government owns the factory and the operator has the option of purchasing it at "fair value." Finally he

may have built at his own risk, amortizing costs within five years and retaining ownership. The operator chooses the type of contract most advantageous to him. The net result is that the Treasury takes the risks and industry the profits.

Even today hundreds of millions of dollars worth of plants are in partial or total idleness, not because of industrial strife, but simply because big firms are unwilling to sublet contracts. Many companies are so gorged with orders that they will not fill them for years, while others with idle capacity do not have a single defense contract. Here is a cause of delay far more menacing than all the strikes of recent months. Regarding such delays, however, there seems to be a conspiracy of silence.

It may be claimed that the strike of capital was justified. It is asserted, for instance, that industry has no right to risk stockholders' money in new investments which may be useless after five years. Such claims may well be partial justifications of the "sit-down", although informed persons such as the business editor of *The New York Times*, have expressed skepticism on this point.

It is held, often correctly, that business men today are showing a spirit of generous co-operation with government. In the present context, however, arguments for or against the situation are beside the point. What is important is that Americans, who hear incessant reports of minor delays caused by scattered strikes, knew little or nothing of this major delay. Columnists grow indignant over the closing of a single plant, but they remained silent over the blocking of appropriations for a vital dam and the consequent im-



peding of a necessary aluminum expansion project. (Even the plea of Mr. Stettinius for immediate passage of this bill did not prevent a delay inspired by certain business interests.) When capital obstructs defense, excuses are offered, and heard. But when labor obstructs defense, its repression is demanded.

One further instance of our double standard may be cited. The following statement represents the testimony, under oath and thoroughly corroborated, given recently against one of the largest companies in the United States. There is not the slightest doubt that it represents the organized policy of this firm (the Supreme Court has unanimously upheld a ruling against this corporation), yet practically nothing about it has appeared in the newspapers.

"The company organized a strong-arm squad designed, as F— P—, its leader, stated 'to put the fear of God' not only in any union outsider who might appear in——, but also in any employee with a sympathetic attitude toward a union of—— workers. . . . They were supplied with blackjacks which were manufactured in the plant; later, as their work progressed, they acquired whips, lengths of hose, and similar weapons. They were stationed at different vantage points throughout the city; were given free use of company cars; and were afforded free access to the plant at all hours."

The writer has seen certified photographs of one man "murdered by mistake" by this group (they wanted his brother) and of another who was tarred, feathered, his eye gouged out, and left to die (this was also a mistake; he was a union organizer, but in another type of industry). Our picture magazines, which did not find the cremation of Trotsky too ghoulish, found no place for these illustrations.

**T**HE conditions here described are not presented in any attempt to show that labor is always right and its employers are always a group of exploiters. It is admittedly a partial and one-sided portrait. But the silence of our press on these matters does reveal its leanings and its biased and partisan treatment of labor relations. This condemnation is written advisedly and with full deliberation. From the average newspaper today one cannot obtain a

correct picture of the labor scene. In general, it portrays the faults of labor and the virtues of capital. It is definitely class conscious, probably not through any overt pressure of advertisers, but rather as a result of the superior power of one group to present its side of the case.

One-sided reporting of necessity foments class struggle and class hatred. It divides a nation at a time when it can least afford division. Capital and labor can get along splendidly once it is acknowledged that an overwhelming majority in each group are decent, God-fearing Americans. But before such a mentality can prevail, the public in general must realize that the story of labor strife which they have been hearing in recent months is certainly not the full truth and, many times, not even partially true.

Given an open mind, the labor problem is not insoluble. Unquestionably, labor strikes hold up the defense program, but not half as much as they did in 1917, nor any more than they do in England, which is actually at war. Industrial accidents are at least four times as great an obstacle, and sickness among workers over eight times as great. But nevertheless they do impede defense, just as the strike of capital impeded defense. Since in the case of industry excuses were found to justify its action, it may be that the same may be done for labor. For example, unless we hold that the end justifies the means, we may not maintain that protests, even against injustice and exploitation, are not to be tolerated in defense industries. With this in mind, it may be well to inquire into some of the causes of recent strikes.

Some strikes are caused by disputes between unions, either A. F. of L. versus C. I. O., or jurisdictional strife within one of these organizations. The public has little sympathy for walkouts of this type. Yet, supposing that this position were conceded to be completely right and all such strikes were condemned, then one would indict considerably less than five per cent of the workers

on strike at any given time. If another source of public irritation, the demand for the closed shop, were added to this list, the total of both would be about one-tenth of the workers engaged in industrial disputes. Practically all other disputes concern wages, hours, working conditions, or the formation of unions to correct injustices or inequalities in the factors just mentioned. Nearly ninety per cent of labor disputes concern objectives which, everybody concedes, may be legitimate.

**W**HAT if such strikes hold up defense? The answer is: remove the conditions which provoked them. When a country is invaded in the modern manner, by undeclared war, it may declare war against the aggressor. Is it to be blamed for the strife which follows? Clearly the responsibility lies with the invader. Likewise in many modern industrial disputes, the blame really lies at the sources of the trouble, that is, poor wages, insufferable working conditions, or violent campaigns against the God-given right of workers to organize for their own betterment. Costs of living have risen sharply in

many areas, while industrial profits have reached staggering totals. (One giant corporation reported net profits of almost two hundred millions; its total wage bill was four hundred millions—several hundred thousand workers receiving only slightly more for their year's labor than a few thousand stockholders for their ownership.) In other cases, the source of irritation may be of longer duration, but effective action against it is possible only in times of business activity and relative labor

shortage. It is axiomatic that labor makes its gains during periods of prosperity. Here is labor's only chance to achieve justice.

It is often said that the same results could be obtained by arbitration or other means similar to those used in a court of justice. But the experience of all Europe, Australia, and New Zealand where some form of this method has been in practice for decades, shows its limita-



tions. In general it has been found successful in disputes over *rights*, such as difficulties about the interpretation of a contract or the observance of an agreement. But it has not been successful in disputes over *interests*, such as claims concerning wages, hours, and working conditions (problems of union recognition did not come before labor courts, since during the twentieth century practically all civilized nations, save our own, recognized in theory and in practice labor's right to organize). In these cases mediation has been more successful, but when it failed the economic pressure of the strike was often invoked. Accordingly, even where arbitration machinery existed, it had at times to be discarded in favor of technique similar to those used in the United States today. Revocation of the right to strike would mean industrial peonage. It would be introducing totalitarianism under the guise of saving democracy.

It is not assumed, of course, that all strikes for wages and the like are morally and economically justified. There can be unjust claims in this field and, in spite of public disfavor, there can be justifiable sympathy, jurisdictional, and closed shop strikes. Each case must be judged on its merits. What is asserted is that labor is not morally to blame for defense delays when it is using its only available means of defense against injustice, discrimination, and other abuses. Where labor has a real claim, and the employer is recalcitrant, there is no other completely effective method of obtaining results. Mediation is highly desirable, but it presupposes good will on both sides. Arbitration calls for equally fine dispositions and is inherently limited in its application. At times results can be had by publishing the facts and letting public opinion force justice.

In the past, labor's side of the case has not always been put before the public. It would be possible to ask labor to bear with injustice for the sake of the general welfare, but such a request should not be made lightly.

The labor situation is more complex and confusing than is commonly assumed. Facts are not always available to the average citizen. But it is better for such a person to be diffident and uncertain about a problem, than to be cocksure and wrong.

Truth comes to those who seek it diligently, not to the casual reader of headlines. In serious matters, deeply affecting national security, it is not unreasonable to ask for a modicum of thought and investigation. The thoughtful citizen today might well consider it his duty to read such a valuable book as R. R. Brooks, *When Labor Organizes*. He might invest a dollar a year in that moderate publication, *Labor*, or fifty cents in the National Home Library Foundation's *Do You Know Labor?* by James Myers. Both are published in Washington, and they are not the least thoughtful utterances on the question emanating from that city. Finally, he can get many solid pamphlets in the Social Action Series and other pamphlets jointly published by the National Catholic Welfare Conference (Washington) and the Paulist Press (New York).

A final vexing question in relation to unions arises from the problem of racketeering and Communism in these organizations. Racketeering is found in large city unions, often connected with A. F. of L. building trades organizations. Some claim that excessively high initiation fees should be called a form of this evil. Communism is more likely to be found in the C. I. O., mainly in four large unions.

THESE evils exist, although they affect only a small segment of the labor movement. But the fact they are localized in this manner might lead one to suspect that they spring not from workers' organizations *as such*, but rather from special conditions in certain forms of business. Racketeering, for example, is found in sick industries, such as the construction industry. Many times it originates from extralegal attempts by both employers and labor to enforce what they consider standards of self-preservation, on non-cooperative employers, "chiselers." Other times it represents invasion of the labor movement by gangsters whose energies were released from bootlegging by the repeal of prohibition. In still other cases, when either capital or labor employs thugs to protect themselves against the hired "goons" of the other side, the "guards" simply take over both parties and exploit them both. In many cases, labor is equally

with other members of the community a victim of the racketeer.

Communism is likewise tied up with economic issues. Where Communism is strong in a union, one almost invariably finds a prehistory of exploitation and abuses which made the soil fertile for the doctrine of the class struggle. Furthermore, one cannot dismiss lightly the stand taken by the heads of both great groups against these abuses. Murray and Hillman in the C. I. O. are outspoken opponents of Communism, and both are in positions today to enforce their viewpoints. Dubinsky in the A. F. of L. is equally vigorous in fighting racketeering, and his efforts are bearing fruit. When labor is trying to clean its own house, it is neither charity nor common sense to reward the effort with brickbats.

There is more to be said for labor than is being admitted in our press today. This article attempted to bring out a few of these points. As such it is in a sense partisan and incomplete. Some of labor's blunders, particularly those arising from the tragic cleavage in the labor movement, were not mentioned. It is sincerely hoped that impartial publicity, mediation machinery, and the like will be available to achieve justice without recourse to strikes.

The honest claims of labor will not suffer from the national mediation board which is being proposed as this article goes to press. On the contrary, such fact finding attempts will aid the public to separate the wheat from the chaff. They will prevent all labor from suffering because a Communist-led minority ties up the bus service of a great metropolis, or a blindly selfish group refuses to work with other unionists and delays vital airport construction, or another group defies their national officers and holds up the supply of vanadium products. If we show deserved sympathy to the just claims of labor, then we will be in a better position to warn labor against the few leaders whose allegiance is to foreign powers and who may be expected from now on to use every means to sabotage defense. But blind condemnation of all strikes by one side will lead to an equally blind justification by the other. For this reason discrimination and justice in judging labor disputes is one of the highest forms of patriotism today.

# Spiritual Pan-Americanism

*Economic and Military Agreements Between North and South America Should Be Supplemented By an Appreciation of the Spiritual Ideals We Have in Common*

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

**L**ATIN AMERICA is not a single entity; it is a congeries of twenty sovereign, distinct Republics. Each state has to be considered separately. In other words, it is a good rule to remember that the two curses of South America, like those of Mexico, are "too many Generals and generalizations!" From the practical point of view, one could begin with the epigram suggested by Mr. T. R. Ybarra, a *New York Times* correspondent: "You can't court a continent!"

It is a mistake, for example, to bulk Guatemala and Costa Rica, although both are Republics in the same general area, Central America. Guatemala, with a predominantly Indian population, presents problems sharply differentiated from those of Costa Rica, where white people are completely in the ascendancy. Haiti is black, while the Argentine Republic is made up of Spanish, Italian, English, Scotch, and Irish stocks. In Mexico, the *mestizo*, part-Spanish and part-Indian, is supreme. In fact, a good deal of recent Latin-American history is intelligible only in terms of "the emergence of the *mestizo*." The degree of racial amalgamation has an important bearing on the political development and social welfare program of each Republic.

Another point of emphasis is language. American business firms, although now alert to the situation,



*Ewing Gallaway photo*

The statue "Christ of the Andes" commemorates the settlement of a boundary dispute between Argentina and Chile

formerly caused wide indignation in Brazil by using Spanish for their correspondence with commercial houses in that country. Portuguese, not Spanish, is the national tongue. Indeed, Spanish is used by about three-fifths of the population of South America, while the idiom of Portugal is *de rigueur* in the territory of Brazil, which was originally a Portuguese colony and at one time actually gave sanctuary as well as employment to a one-time King of Portugal. The Brazilians are sensitive on the score of language.

Nor should it be imagined that the Spanish and Portuguese temperaments, although both Iberian in origin, have very much in common. The Spaniard, proud, dignified, quick to offend and to take offense, offers a blazing contrast to the tolerant, conciliatory, good-natured Brazilian, who is derived from the Portuguese. The descendants of the latter know how to be informal. Their jollity is spontaneous. Where the son of Spain is apt to be uncompromising and categorical, the Brazilian is content to smooth over differences in the shaded veranda of a café, where it is possible to consume innumerable cups of coffee.

This difference in temperament is high-lighted by the contrast between Brazil and Argentina. On the streets of Rio de Janeiro, one meets the following color combinations: coal



black, black, light black, dark brown, brown, light brown, dark yellow, yellow, light yellow, touch-of-the-sun, and white. Because of these factors, the United States of Brazil constitutes the most interesting (and heartening) racial laboratory in the world. Readers of *THE SIGN* and the *Catholic World* will recall my interview with Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha, who declared: "Here we know no distinction of white, or black, or red, or yellow. The highest positions in the state are open to citizens without exception. We are all Brazilians." Obviously, the touchstone to life in that region is fair-minded tolerance.

In Argentina, on the other hand, one finds "clash, impact, conflict." The spirit of the capital, Buenos Aires, has been epitomized by one writer in the phrase: "City of Clash."

Perhaps that is why citizens of the United States, in spite of some superficial resemblances with the Argentinos, are less well understood in the Argentine than in any other part of Latin America. The Spaniard and the North American have rarely, anywhere, either in the Southwest, or on the West Coast, or in the West Indies, hit it off with any degree of conspicuous success. The single exception is Cuba, where again there is a considerable racial mixture to mitigate the Hispanic sternness, and rigid adherence to protocol.

In *America Faces South*, the author, Mr. T. R. Ybarra, himself a blend of Yankee and Venezuelan, has an entire chapter he entitles: "Where They Don't Like Us." This observer does not hesitate to say: "Despite many cases of individual popularity of Americans, active dislike of the United States still exists in South America." He continues (p. 109): "There is no getting around it—Latin Americans, in general, don't get us and we don't get them."

And a journalist of the River Plate region wrote recently, in allusion to Rooseveltian appeals for solidarity between North and South America:

"No matter how noble and fine President Roosevelt's intentions may be, we must not forget that, in every international union between a strong and a weak nation, the protection of the latter tends to become transformed into pressure by the former . . ."

The late José Enrique Rodó of Uruguay (a country which faces Argentina across the River Plate) formulated his criticism in these terms:

"Any severe judgment on the North Americans must needs be preceded, as in a duel with a noble adversary, by the chivalrous tribute of a salute.

"North American civilization produces, as a whole, a strange impression of insufficiency and emptiness. The American nation lives for the reality of the present, subordinating all its actions to selfish search for individual and collective welfare. It is a pile of wood to which nobody has been able to apply a match. Genuine art lives in North America only in the guise of individual rebellion. Emerson and Poe, in their North American environment, seem like forms of life hurled from their proper surroundings by some geological upheaval.

"Neither the ideal of beauty nor that of truth arouses enthusiasm in the descendant of the austere Puritans. He despises all thought which does not lead to some immediate finality, no matter how futile it may be. Research is, to him, merely a preliminary to utilitarian application. The very nature of the North American precludes the possibility of his ever exercising domination over other peoples."

At the same time, the Argentine Republic is the most progressive, most business-like, most self-confident, and most aggressive of all the nations in Latin America. Yet the Argentino discloses constantly an essential kinship with leisurely, reflective, philosophical Europe. His Europeanism reaches its climax when he is confronted with things North American.

**I**N THE past six months, however, improvement has been noticeable in the relations of North and South America, including the Argentine. Two factors are at work:

1) The "Good Neighbor" policy, especially as it is exemplified by U. S. Secretary of State, Cordell Hull (one speaks of the "Entente Cordell") and Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles. The Latin Americans, largely as a result of Mr. Hull's modest demeanor and speech, are beginning to believe there is sincerity in the North American program.

2) An increasing alarm about the menace of Hitlerism, Stalinism, and the whole totalitarian creed in its dynamic setting. There is a proletariat in South America, awakening to a sense of social grievances, and there is likewise a body of foreign agents, Nazis, Fascists, and Marxists, to exploit these abuses. The majority of the people, however, recognize the peril inherent in mass revolt. South America doesn't want to be a nut between "the Nazi hammer and the Soviet anvil," perhaps heated a bit by the bellows of the Japanese war-machine. Nervous tension, rightly or wrongly, has been increased all over the world. And Latin America is no exception. Consequently, measures looking to mutual advantage and mutual protection are more favorably considered than ever before in the history of the Western Hemisphere.

A footnote on the policy of "inter-continental" defense may be added. Just as there are twenty Republics, racially, linguistically, geographically, and economically, there are intermingled brands of politics discoverable in the Latin-American domain. Are these good neighbors of ours republics, democracies, popular sovereignties? Or are they the South American counterpart of military dictatorship? There are precisely twenty different answers!

Costa Rica, the smallest Latin-American unit (next to Haiti), is the most democratic. It is no exaggeration, however, to report that dictatorship, punctuated by periodical triumphs of the "Ins" and "Outs," is the most familiar pattern. In 1899, when the Emperor, Dom Pedro II, was deposed, it was wittily remarked: "The only Republic in South America, the Empire of Brazil, has come to an end!"

After a political earthquake (or reallocation of sovereignty), those who land on top usually have the biggest battalions, not necessarily the majority of votes. Recently, in Mexico, for example, it was reported that General Juan Almazán received approximately three-fourths of the ballots, but his successful rival, General Avila Camacho, had the bulk of the bullets. Something similar, the South Americans opine, took place at the Democratic National Convention at Chicago. At any rate, in Mexico, the threat of violence is usually enough to settle elections.



For that reason, "peace breaks out from time to time" in Latin America. But, unlike most wars or rebellions, the conflicts are short, unspectacular, and not very bloody. University students and soldiers do most of the shouting and shooting. And a dictator who has amassed his fortune is frequently willing to make a graceful exit when the next strong man is ready. As a result, public

in the United States the markets which they should have but which are closed to them by law."

A full-visioned, far-sighted policy, therefore, can result from the development of richer, deeper values. The most vital contribution of national and Hemisphere defense can be derived from what may be called spiritual Pan-Americanism.

Both in Central and South Ameri-

even where agnosticism is professed, there is a residue of the Christian outlook and a respect for religious sensibilities. Among those whose deepest convictions have a Catholic orientation, there will be a warm welcome for friendships that recognize and appreciate the spiritual element.

True amity, certainly, is an affair of the soul. Belief in a common origin and an eternal destiny, a sense of sharing in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, is the necessary prelude to economic, political, military, and naval accords. Treaties have no lasting sanction except in the domain of conscience, while conscience has a vivifying influence on conduct only so long as it is accepted as the mouthpiece of God. Mere legal positivism has been discredited as moral bankruptcy and is futile as the basis of policy. Law which ignores God lacks an ultimate frame of reverence.

Highly praiseworthy in this connection is the insistence of President Franklin D. Roosevelt upon the value of religion as the root of our liberties, as expressed in the Magna Charta and the American Bill of Rights. The more the Latin American peoples learn about our four freedoms—freedom of worship, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of peaceful assembly—the greater will be their admiration for our fundamental philosophy of life. The more they understand about the application of these principles in the United States, the less they will be inclined to associate our policies with the maintenance of, or sympathy for, some of the former persecutory and atheistic regimes in Mexico.

South American mothers and fathers now enjoy the free exercise of their right to provide such education for their children as they wish. They would be justly suspicious of a Pan-Americanism which would in any way open the door to the atheistic, Marxist doctrines which followed in the wake of United States intervention in some regions south of the Rio Grande. It should not be imagined that, because our Good Neighbors are concerned about the Stalinazi-Fascist menace, they have forgotten recent history. Or that they acquiesce in the soft-pedaling of the Communistic Soviet threat to civil and religious liberties.



*Ewing Galloway photo*  
A studious-looking little lady of Buenos Aires with her younger sister

life takes on some of the aspect of a circus for the on-lookers. The merry-go-round is stimulating.

People in the United States, however, would like to be more than spectators. They aspire to be good neighbors, friends, customers, and purchasers. There are limitations in the purely economic phases of this program, however, that should be appreciated. A hint of the long-range difficulties in store for North Americans is supplied by one of the leading organs of Argentina, *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires. A recent editorial contains the following warning:

"Nothing profitable nor durable can result for the economy from these (U. S. loan) agreements . . . The United States can see this fact and draw its own conclusions. It is well to remember that small, friendly credits can remedy small, passing situations; the purchasing power of our country naturally remains the same. This will only grow larger when its meats and grains . . . find

ca, in spite of numerous handicaps and failures, culture is predominantly Catholic. This religious background, if properly evaluated, could serve to produce that union of hearts and minds which, in an emergency, would be more valuable than battleships, guns, and bombing planes. However important loans and financial co-operation may be, these economic agreements can and should be supplemented by an appreciation of the spiritual ideals which flourish both in North and South America. This realization may prove more basic, if not more fruitful, than credits, contracts, and other commercial advantages.

Faith in God, although not always reflected in church attendance and reception of the Sacraments, prevails among the intellectual elite as well as among the masses of Latin-American peoples, apart from jungle tribes and remote communities deprived of priestly ministrations. Anti-clericalism is not on the increase, while,

In fine, the South Americans expect to have a real voice in the modern interpretation of inter-Americanism.

This does not mean that spiritual Pan-Americanism is to be a missionary enterprise. Proselytism is definitely taboo. Still less is union of Church and State a practical consideration. Most of the Latin-American Constitutions are explicit on that point. Mutual respect, springing from a reverence for man's dignity, a Divine gift, is the chief desideratum.

The need of a spiritual approach to the American Republics has been acknowledged by a number of fair-minded, Protestant American scholars. Dr. Henry Grattan Doyle, dean of Columbian College, The George Washington University (The *New York Times*, January 26, 1941) urged the development of a collaboration between the United States and Latin America based upon an appreciation of the Iberian culture, religion, and language. His exact words are impressive:

"In spite of big talk and pious good wishes, there are tremendous differences in culture, social customs, religion, and the like, as well as the omnipresent language barrier. Neither of these barriers can be effectively removed except under the leadership of those who through knowledge and contact have a sympathetic understanding of the other side as well as our own.

"In addition to informing Latin Americans about ourselves, we need to inform our own people about Latin America. We must remove old prejudices about Latin Americans."

This second admonition of Dr. Henry Grattan Doyle is important. Too many erroneous impressions of Spanish Catholicism and the Spanish Catholic clergy prevail in the United States. These mistaken notions are not confined entirely to Leftist, Marxist circles. The propaganda of the Communist fellow travelers was so successful during the Spanish civil war that it persuaded a good many Americans that Spanish-speaking priests are clergymen of an inferior creation and training; that the Catholic Church in the Iberian world is obscurantist, over-conservative, bigoted.

To be sure, the Catholic clergy in Latin America, like that in the rest of the world, is striving for perfection, not yet enjoying a

Heaven of indefectibility. The majority of the priests in Central and South America are sincere, hard-working, virtuous apostles of Christ. With limited financial means and meager official encouragement, they are doing their best. An understanding of their position and labors would contribute to inter-American friendship.

Dr. Herbert Eugene Bolton, at the University of California, through his own publications and the books of his students, has done a magnificent piece of work in revealing the heroism of the early missionary *Padres* in the Southwest, an exclusively Spanish-American enterprise. In the light of the evidence unearthed by the Bolton school of historians, Spanish Catholics need not blush for their contribution, cultural and religious, to the New World.

Another non-Catholic educator who has grasped the essentials of Iberian culture is Dr. Merle E. Frampton, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, and principal of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind. After a 17,000-mile trip through twenty Central and South American Republics, he declared that "the hand which is extended in friendship today must be the hand of one who understands, respects, admires, and wishes to perpetuate the noble contributions of the cultures of others." It is Dr. Frampton's contention that religion is a tremendous factor in what he calls "the total culture of these people." Apart from their faith, he avers, one cannot understand their "sociology, psychology, and customs."

**I**N SPITE of this advice, numerous bibliographies are being issued on Latin America, emanating from library associations, institutes, and colleges, where little is known of Catholic culture. The result is that many of these book lists are notable for their omissions as well as for the wide publicity they give to a number of Leftist interpretations of Latin America. One looks in vain, for example, for Father Wilfrid Parsons' *Mexican Martyrdom*, a first-rate book published by Macmillan. Other titles could be accumulated. Carleton Beals and Ernest Gruening, notorious enemies of Catholicism in Ibero-America, are cited prominently on every list.

So is Samuel Guy Inman, head of Protestant missionary activity in South America. In the long view, will this win friends for North America? Or will it tend to perpetuate misunderstandings?

The situation should stimulate American Catholics not only to suggest titles to these groups, but also to redouble their efforts to produce volumes suitable for consideration.

A comprehensive program for improving understanding among all the American Republics would include the following five points:

- 1) A respectable number of spiritual leaders, educators, and publicists, familiar with Catholic culture, to be allowed a share in all official organizations, relationships, and activities touching upon Latin America;

- 2) The organization of Catholic Seminars to each of the South and Central American Republics;

- 3) A systematic effort, under the leadership of the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic Daughters of America, the Holy Name Society, Pax Romana, the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the National Federation of Catholic Alumni, the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, and many other groups, to greet, inform, and entertain all the Latin-American delegations that visit the United States, insuring that they may gain correct, adequate impressions of the place of spiritual institutions in this democratic Republic;

- 5) A division of labor among North American leaders interested in this phase of the matter with a view to providing suitable research projects, textbooks, an interchange of artistic and literary wealth, the publication of a quarterly review, and an extension of the policy of arranging exchange professorships, student interchange, scholarships, fellowships and other means of cultural co-operation.

This may appear to some as an ambitious program. In point of fact, every element in it is already overdue. The Leftist, Marxist activity in the Latin-American sphere is not only a challenge; it is a reproach to those in North America who believe in God, whether they be Protestant, Jewish, or Catholic. Dialectical materialism has nothing to offer to our Good Neighbors, save destruction. The spirit quickeneth!

# Paying For National Defense

*Mr. Average Citizen Will Get a Terrible Shock When He Discovers How Much Taxes For National Defense Will Take Out of His Pocket*

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

FOR national defense, exclusive of aid to Great Britain and other democracies resisting aggression, Congress has authorized expenditures almost as great as our share of the cost of the World War. The World War cost us in round figures about \$29,000,000,000. In this and the next fiscal year we are going to spend, according to Treasury estimates, \$28,840,000,000 for national defense alone. Add to that another \$7,000,000,000—President Roosevelt's initial estimate of the cost of aiding the war effort of Great Britain, Greece, and China—and we have a total defense bill of \$35,000,000,000. If, by any chance, we should be drawn into the war, there is no telling how much we would have to spend. Possibly \$100,

will manage to get the money without causing him any great inconvenience—a belief begotten of eight years of experience with deficit financing. The first defense revenue act, lowering exempt personal income a few hundred dollars and imposing a ten per cent levy on normal income, was a mere gesture. The real bad news has not yet been broken to the American people.

In the rush to build up an Army and a Navy and to speed the flow of war supplies to Great Britain, the financial aspect of the defense program has been generally overlooked. Aside from a few economists and the experts of the Treasury department, few people in this country realize the serious fiscal handicaps under

was \$1,225,000,000. Today it is more than \$45,000,000,000. Congress recently increased the debt limit to \$65,000,000,000, and, if we continue spending at the present rate, it will not be long before that ceiling will be too low. As conservative a student of federal finances as Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia, has estimated that by July 1, 1943, the federal debt will be \$100,000,000,000. In 1916 federal expenditures were \$734,000,000. In 1941 they will exceed \$8,500,000,000, exclusive of the special defense spending. In 1916 federal taxes amounted to \$726,000,000. In 1941, it is estimated, federal revenues will exceed \$7,500,000,000.

Since 1933, the Federal Government has been spending billions of dollars more than it collected in taxes. The President's 1941 budget message forecast a net deficit of a little over \$6,000,000,000 for the current fiscal year and a net deficit of \$9,200,000,000 for the next fiscal year. The sum of these two anticipated deficits is almost as great as the total of the estimated receipts for the two years. And already the President's deficit estimates are completely out of date. The deficits for both years are certain to run considerably higher than the forecasts.

The deficit for the next fiscal year is now estimated at \$16,500,000,000, instead of \$9,200,000,000.

Translated into terms that every taxpayer can understand, the federal debt hangs like a mortgage over the wealth and earnings of every person in the country. The defense expenditures alone are equivalent to an assessment of around \$300 a person, or more than \$1000 for each typical family of four. If the total federal debt reaches \$65,000,000,000—and no one in the Government doubts that it will—the per capita indebtedness will be around \$500. Counting the outstanding debt of state, county and municipal governments, the aggre-



President Roosevelt manifests evident pleasure in signing the historic document H. R. 1776

Harris Ewing photos

000,000,000—some unofficial estimates run that high.

As yet the American people are in a complete fog as to how we are going to finance this staggering outlay. So far nothing has been done to jog the average citizen out of his complacent belief that the Government

which the defense program is being undertaken.

Our national balance sheet was much more favorable in 1916, just before our entry into the World War, than it is today. Yet we still owe \$15,000,000,000 of the World War bill. In 1916 the federal debt



gate public debt would be \$653 a person, an increase of 135 per cent over 1929, the lush year of our national economy.

In any consideration of methods of financing the mounting federal spending program, a reduction of expenditures must be ruled out. Although President Roosevelt expressed the hope in his budget message that ordinary expenditures would be cut, there has been no earnest effort to do so. A few members of Congress, horrified by the size of the defense budget, have cried out for economy, but Congress has given no sign of having heard them.

As a matter of fact, the non-mandatory items in the federal budget susceptible of reduction are surprisingly small. Of the 1941 budget total of \$17,486,000,000, which does not include some \$6,500,000,000 of supplemental or deficiency defense appropriations, or the proposed \$7,000,000,000 for aid for Britain, only \$4,059,000,000 could be classified as non-essential or non-mandatory. Of this amount \$1,062,000,000 was appropriated for farm aid and there is not the slightest chance that this item will be decreased. It is more likely that it will be substantially increased.

Saving aside, there are only three ways of financing the huge defense budgets (1) by borrowing, (2) by taxation, (3) by a combination of loans and taxes.

As to which of these methods should be adopted, there is sharp controversy among economists and the Government's fiscal experts. At one extreme are the economists who would place the defense program upon a pay-as-you-go basis. At the other extreme stands a minority group of government experts who would hold taxation to a minimum and rely mainly on borrowing.

Typical of the plans for loading the full cost of defense upon the taxpayers is that of the National Economy League. This group would have Congress levy a defense tax of ten per cent on all gross income in addition to existing federal taxes. On an estimated national income of \$74,000,000,000 for 1940, the League's economists believe such a levy would produce sufficient additional revenue to place the Government on a cash basis in 1942. In order to obtain an effective administration of the defense tax, the League proposed

that it should be collected at the source, that is, deducted by employers and paid into the Treasury.

The chief argument advanced for this method of defense financing is that it would avert inflation. According to this school of economists, any extraordinary spending program must be paid for either in taxation or higher prices. The taxpayer cannot have guns and butter too. Every dollar spent for arms diminishes the amount available for ordinary wants. If the defense dollars are not deducted in the form of taxes, they will disappear in higher prices paid for non-defense goods.

The reasoning used to support this conclusion is too technical to go into here. The main point is that a loan program involves the sale of bonds to the banks and the increases in bank bond holdings set in motion inflationary trends which stimulate price rises.

The dangers of continued government borrowing from the banks were pointed out by the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System in a report to Congress. The Board reminded the legislators that the banks were already loaded with government bonds. And since additional bank purchases of government obligations would swell the volume of deposits, which in turn would form the basis for new bank credit, the Board urged that in financing the defense program the Government should exercise great care not to set in motion an uncontrollable price inflation.

**A**S YET the Treasury has not revealed how it plans to raise the funds to support defense spending, but there is no reason to believe that Congress will be asked to put the entire burden upon the taxpayer.

A hint of the policy most likely to be adopted was given by President Roosevelt when he said in his budget message that he was opposed to a policy which "restricts general consumption." But the President and the Treasury experts believe that too drastic taxation would curtail consumer buying power and slow down non-defense industry and business.

The indications are that the Treasury will recommend a policy of combining loans and taxes. The decision as to what proportion of the defense bill is to be paid for in taxes rests

with Congress, but if Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., has his way, it will be about two thirds.

In any event, it may be safely predicted that next year's taxes will be substantially higher. Not in many years will the average taxpayer get off as lightly as he did in March of this year.

The Federal Government is already using virtually every major form of taxation. To increase revenues, therefore, it will be necessary to increase present forms of taxes. There are no new sources to be tapped, except the sales tax and even that is widely used by states and municipalities.

The taxes most likely to be increased are the income tax, personal and corporate; the estate and gift taxes; and possibly the excess-profits tax.

The taxpayers most certain to be hit by an increase in the personal income tax are those in the lower and middle brackets. The top surtax rates, up to 75 per cent, are as high as they can be made without encountering diminishing returns. To "soak the rich" alone would not produce the revenues required to finance any substantial part of the defense burden. Even if all income above \$10,000 were taken by the Government, there would be a total of only \$2,300,000,000, a mere fraction of the estimated 1941 and 1942 deficits.

To strike pay dirt the Government must dig into the lower brackets, place on the tax rolls hundreds of thousands of persons who now pay no income tax. This would be done by lowering exemptions. Already there is talk of lowering the exemption from surtaxes (now \$4,000, plus the personal exemption and credit for dependents) to \$3,000. If that is done, many persons who now pay only the normal tax will be paying the surtax as well.

It is also likely that both the normal and surtax rates will be increased. The present normal tax rate is four per cent and the surtax rates range from four to seventy-five per cent. The Treasury is now considering alternative recommendations, one for an increase in the normal rate from four to six, and another for an increase from four to eight. Comparable increases are likely to be made in the surtax rates, particularly



those affecting incomes of from \$10,000 to \$50,000.

If exemptions are lowered—the personal exemption of persons with dependents from \$2,000 to \$1,000, for example—and rates are increased by 100 per cent, the taxpayer in the lower and middle brackets may well have to pay from twice to three times what he paid this year.

If he does, he will still have the consolation of knowing that he is not carrying as burdensome a tax as his neighbors in Canada, not to mention the back-breaking assessments borne by the British. It has been computed, for example, that an American receiving \$3,200 a year, with personal exemptions for a wife and child, paid this year an income tax of \$30.12 as compared with \$148.92 paid by a Canadian with the same income and exemptions. The comparison for an American and a Canadian, each receiving \$7,200, each with exemption for a wife and child, is \$389.72 for the American as against \$1,029.68 for the Canadian.

It is not a foregone conclusion, of course, that Congress will accept the recommendations of the Treasury. Congressmen have many ideas of their own with respect to taxation. A group in the Senate has brought forward a proposal for a gross income tax of from one to five per cent in addition to present personal income taxes. That would mean that a person receiving an income of \$2,500 would pay a special defense tax of \$25, plus his present personal income tax, and persons receiving higher incomes would pay at a higher rate.

Another Treasury plan contemplates a tax upon the reserves of life insurance companies. Although this would not be paid directly by the public, eventually it would fall upon the owners of life insurance policies since every dollar paid the Government in taxes would reduce by that amount the earnings from which the companies pay dividends to the policy holders.

Except for the flat 10 per cent increase applied to taxes by the 1940 revenue act, gift and estate tax rates have not been raised since 1935. It is quite probable that this will not escape the notice of the Treasury's tax experts. It has been estimated that several hundred millions could be produced by lowering the exemptions and by increasing the rates,

particularly on estates under \$300,000, which are not now heavily taxed.

The sales tax is not favorably regarded by the Treasury experts as a means of raising defense revenues, chiefly because it is feared it would reduce consuming power and fall with undue weight upon those least able to pay taxes. But that does not mean that existing excise taxes on the sale of liquor, tobacco, and gasoline, which, while paid by the pub-

announced its plan for raising that part of the defense bill which is to be borrowed. Secretary Morgenthau already has announced that his first aim will be to sell the initial defense bonds to the public rather than to the banks. No less than the Federal Reserve Board, the Treasury is fearful of the inflationary effect of increase of its borrowing from the banks. It may not be possible, of course, to draw out sufficient savings



Senators Pat Harrison and James F. Byrnes study a book called "The Budget, 1942"

lic, are collected and returned to the Treasury by manufacturers, may not be increased.

If the cigarette smoker who pays 0.32 cents in taxes on each cigarette believes he is being mistreated, what would he think of the Canadian government which collects a cigarette tax of 0.625 cents on each cigarette?

The extent to which present income tax rates will be increased will depend in a measure upon the size of the national income as revealed in the March 15 tax returns. If the tax collections indicate a sharp rise in the national income, Treasury estimates of 1941 income undoubtedly will be revised upward. The current estimate is \$84,000,000,000. In the event there appears to be justification for anticipating a higher national income, say \$90,000,000,000 or \$95,000,000,000, the Treasury may recommend a lighter tax increase than is now contemplated, since the larger the national income the larger the base upon taxes would be levied.

Probably by the time this article has appeared, the Treasury will have

of individuals to sustain the borrowing end of defense financing, but every effort will be made to make it easy for the poorest paid wage earner to buy the Government's obligations.

In thousands of banks and post offices, saving stamps, modeled after the war stamps of the last war, will be offered for sale in denominations as low, probably, as ten cents. These will be exchangeable for defense bonds of larger denominations—bonds that may be issued in denominations as low as ten dollars.

Secretary Morgenthau has emphasized that no effort will be made to "high pressure" citizens into buying these defense obligations. But there are government tax experts who foresee the possibility that a compulsory system may have to be instituted. A similar voluntary plan proved disappointing in Canada. It may fail here. If it does, no one need be surprised if Congress should be asked to enact a law compelling the purchase of the defense bonds out of income or savings—a sort of conscription of capital such as is even now being talked of on Capitol Hill.



**YOUNG** Cobnor was a combination of a pain in the neck and a loud laugh. How he got into the Navy at all is a puzzler, except that in war one naturally expects the worst. That, anyhow, was how Batsford felt when Cobnor was drafted to the *S. S. Jane Anna* as a gunnery rating. Batsford was never tired of declaring that Cobnor wasn't so much a seaman as a deliberate bit of German sabotage.

He was the oddest little runt by any scale of measurement, human or divine. He was big-headed, shuffling, and with one of those filleted figures that are always on the slouch. He was the most unhandy lubber ever wished upon a gun crew at a moment of desperation. Even at shadow practice he stumbled and fumbled and got so under everybody's feet that Batsford, the gun-layer, was generally more explosive than his own three-inch shells before he was half way through the exercise. It wasn't that Cobnor didn't mean well, but that he simply couldn't follow routine. Nature had given him foot instincts where most people wear

their hands—and duck feet at that.

Batsford, trying to be fair in spite of high-pressure murder bursting his hairy chest, roared:

"Why the double-barrelled hang-all are you here, anyway? What enemy of mankind got you to join the Navy? Why the sea, when nature made you for a tank? Come on, let's have the answer to that bad joke, pronto, me lad. Why?"

"Ornithology," replied young Cob-

*"Action stations, men, darn sharp . . . and you, Cobnor, if you've mucked me up again the Lord protect your hide. . ."*

nor with a smile.

"No back answers now," Batsford rapped.

"But that's it. The reason: my hobby's ornithology . . ."

"Orni-what?" Batsford snaps, still not certain that the chap isn't trying a new line of bad language.

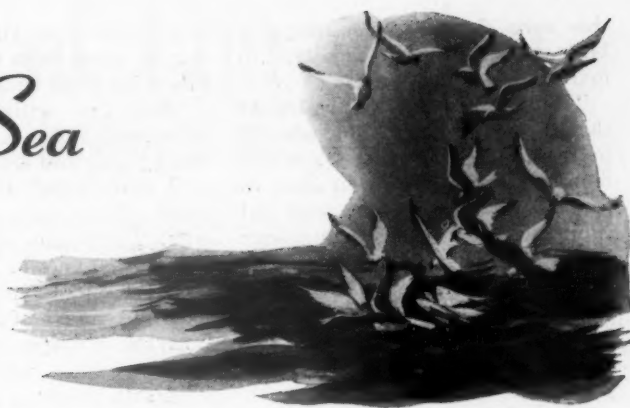
"Birds," Cobnor explained uncomfortably. "Bird habits, you know. Bird life, bird lore—that sort of thing. I wanted to study the ways of sea birds."

"Birds!" Batsford yelled. "Birds it. the Navy? Did you think they'd ship you on a hencoop? Did you mistake us for the Egg Board? Strike me addled, what's the service come to!"

Cobnor took it meekly, as he took everything—even the fun that the rest of the ratings squeezed out of it. All the same he'd spoken true. He was nuts on birds.

# Bird Fancier at Sea

by DOUGLAS NEWTON



Queer that before the war he had really been a clerk in some big city warehouse, where he couldn't see much sky, let alone passing feathers, yet all he ever thought about was birds. He read nothing else. He'd spent most of his week ends panting his way through the suburbs on a bicycle in the hope of reaching hedges and trees and the habitat of a variety of birds.

Yes, he was fair warped about our little winged brothers. He'd even spent his last three summer vacations in the Fens, hunting for the Ditch Fozzle, or something; even complaining that it hadn't been wet enough to give that damp sparrow a real chance of disporting himself. There's the sort of human error he was, actually complaining of too much sunlight in his one and only holiday time, and all because he was bats on birds.

The gun crew got a lot of fun out of him, of course. There's nothing like a little lunacy in somebody else to relieve the monotony of long voyages under strain, and the *Jane Anna* provided the monotony and strain all right.

She was a fairly big freighter of low knottage and about the same amount of comforts. She plied a regular route like a bus, only busses can be exciting. But she was as reliable as a bus, anyhow, and quite a hog for cargo carrying. The amount of stuff she could cram into her holds—munitions or food—would have stocked an army. That's why she had been given her gun.

It was a defensive gun, of course, mounted on her afterdeck; in what space was left over by donkey-engines and derricks. The gun crew's quarters were just as cramped. These chaps were special ratings, and al-

though they did train some of the deck hands as a supplementary crew, they formed mainly a little world of their own. On that afterdeck they were so cramped and cut off that almost any relaxation was a tonic for their long and empty days between practice at imaginary submarines and waiting for word of a real periscope.

Cobnor took it quite well, if seriously. He wasn't a bad sort, though inclined to think that others were just as crazy about our feathered friends as himself. He would say heavily:

"No, that's the Spavine-toed glaucous kittiwake, with raptorial instincts and connubial wing adjustments. . . ."

And then he'd go on for half an hour telling its modes of life, personal habits, number of scales on the hock, methods of divorce, tastes in eating, and so forth until the men who'd tried to pull his leg were either 'sick with laughter or' sorry they'd spoken.

He did know all there was to know about birds—why they flew in bunches, or didn't; how some fed floating and others on the wing; why we picked up certain birds on certain courses at certain seasons; how they protected themselves, nested, mated; would fly or fight in companies and a heap of things like that. Sometimes he could be terribly interesting, other times he was a yawn.

The yawn grew, especially as his general unhandiness got the better even of the best temper. Each voyage Batsford was more and more active in cussing the Admiralty for wishing such a fellow on him. In time the tension grew so bad that it became a real hate that gave the

whole of the gun crew the jitters. It got so bad on one particular voyage that Batsford swore that if he didn't get Cobnor transferred once they made the home port he'd mutiny.

The voyage itself was mainly responsible for the excessive feeling. Word had been radioed to the *Jane Anna*, a day after she sailed, that a submarine was known to be operating somewhere in her track. That was bad enough, but the *Jane Anna's* cargo made it worse. She was packed so tight with explosives that one shell would have blown her sky high with not a hope for any man aboard; and, if that wasn't enough, she was also carrying \$2,000,000 worth of specie in her strong room that had to be gotten home at all costs.

Of course, all this was supposed to be a secret, but those on board were confident that the Nazis knew, and that they were after it. It was a sullen, jumpy sort of voyage, with everybody hanging over the rail watching the sea until their eyes cracked, so afraid that sudden death might start out of it at any moment. Everybody's nerves seemed to be worn outside their duffle suits, so that there was constant scrapping and snarling and life was merry hell all round.

It was worse hell for young Cobnor. The general jitters made him more pulp-headed than ever. He simply couldn't do a darn thing right. He was being bawled out and hazed by everybody, every day and every moment of the day. It got so bad that at last he didn't dare open his mouth or even be seen. He used to huddle himself away in the most overlooked corner of the deck, silent, miserable, and glum. As for mentioning birds—by then he knew



that even the mere mention of a beak would infuriate the rest to murder.

Things were just about as bad as they could be when Dobbie saw the patch of gulls. There was a whole mob of them, hundreds far away to leeward, squatting on the water and riding up and down like roundabout horses in the easy swell. Dobbie gave a bit of a whoop when he saw them, because, as he said:

"Be the love of Mike, that's a sight for sore eyes. We'll all be on easy street soon."

"How d'y make that out?" Woollege grunted.

"Birds in them numbers mean land," Dobbie spat. "They don't flock out like that far from shore."

"These do then," Woollege said. "The quartermaster tole me only 'smorn we're still days from nearest landfall."

"He's pulling your leg," Dobbie insisted, "for I tell yer, that'd be far too far out for a mob o' gulls like that."

"That's right," young Nortfull put in. "They just don't never come so far from a safe perch. We're in sight o' home all right, boys."

"You know we ain't," Peckham declared. "With the swing we've taken we're 'undreds an' 'undreds o' miles from anywhere."

The men argued as seamen will, until someone said: "Well, you ask young Cobnor—he'll know for sure."

They dragged Cobnor to the rail. He was sulky, didn't want to talk at all; he was even scared of mentioning birds, for Batsford was drawing near, and Batsford had denounced him as a magpie-minded, chicken-handed jay only that morning.

But in time the nonsense that other chaps talked made him blurt: "You're all wrong. We're within fifty miles of land. They're pinch-backed barnacle gannets [or words to that effect], an' they're never known to fly more than fifty miles from shore."

"Is that so," Batsford puts in nasty like. "Then you ain't as clever as you think, even in birds. We're two hundred and twenty miles from the nearest land. Now what about you an' your superior knowledge?"

But if young Cobnor was meek under discipline, he wasn't taking anything about birds. He mumbled sulky but firm:

"It can't be. It's a sure, scientific

fact about that kind of gannet—they've never been seen more than fifty miles from land."

"But I'm telling you. We're two-twenty miles from the nearest beach," Batsford said grimly.

"I don't care," Cobnor said defiantly. "You can't get behind science. The habits of these gannets are too well known. They just never leave the coast—unless following some sure source of food."

"What d'y mean, sure source o' food?" Woollege jeered.

"A ship throwing out scraps, that sort o' thing," Cobnor said. "The only known instances they've been seen farther than fifty miles to sea has been when they followed ships like that. But such cases are so exceptional—"

"Most exceptional of all now," Batsford sneered. "There ain't no ship. Not a single one in sight, an' to my knowledge, none has been reported within a hundred miles of this for days. Now what about it?"

"All the same," Cobnor said "that's the only way they *could* have got here if we're that far. An' what's more, they prove it. They're feeding on floating stuff now. I can see 'em."

"You young Ananias," Batsford snapped. "There isn't a ship, there couldn't be . . . Why, hell, use your own eyes, where's a sign of one?"

"No, I can't see one," Cobnor says doggedly as he looks round, "but you can't go behind scientific knowledge. They're here an' they're feeding. That means a ship somewhere. Must . . ." suddenly he gave a gulp. "Yes, somewhere—and if it *isn't in sight on the surface, why, it must be under it.*"

ALL the men gave a gasp then, even Batsford.

"That submarine!" he rapped. "Action stations, men, darn sharp . . . and you, Cobnor, if you've mucked me up again the Lord protect your hide. . . ."

But Cobnor hadn't made a mistake. His knowledge of birds was right—and righter with every moment.

The men had no sooner loaded and trained the gun on the gulls when he gives a yelp.

"Look! Something's disturbing them! . . . Look, away to the south fringe. There's nothing there, but they are beginning to scare."

It was a fact. The birds floating

calmly away to the south of the flock suddenly began fluttering and squawking, evidently making an effort to get up in a hurry from the sea surface.

"The submarine is surfacing," Batsford yelled. "Watch for her periscope, boys. . . ."

All eyes raked the sea under the swirling cloud of birds, until a moment later every man jack of them shouted as one—the tip of a periscope had just broken water.

That submarine surfaced quickly. She counted on the *Jane Anna* failing to see her until too late, and knowing the freighter carried explosives she hoped to scare her with the threat of her heavier gun into surrendering that specie.

She never had a chance. Batsford had all the time he wanted to sight fine on her periscope, so that, waiting until her conning tower broke water he was able to get her in one shot. The second hulled her so badly that the crew came tumbling up eager to surrender.

They were a crestfallen lot when they came aboard. They had been so sure of getting the *Jane Anna*, that they had taken their time over it. They had only submerged when they saw the freighter's smoke above the horizon, and then had waited quite comfortably until the beat of her engines had told them she was in range.

They admitted they had traveled on the surface since they had last sighted land. They also admitted emptying their swill tubs overboard at intervals in the ordinary way. They were thoroughly taken aback when Batsford said largely:

"An' that's how you cooked your goose. You see we English always keep a trained ornithologist aboard to look for just such bird signs. . . ."

Even Cobnor gulped at that bare-faced bit of brag—and grinned. He knew, then, that bird fancying and bird fanciers were going to be quite popular among that gun crew from that day on. And he was right. Cobnor was not only treated like a human being after that but was allowed to talk until all were blue about such things as the Split Winged Cuckoo-Pint, with nobody as much as thinking of poking a wet deck swab into his face, let alone reminding him that three-inch gun shells ought to be handled more carefully than egg shells.

# Rough Road of Conversion

By JEANNETTE MURPHY LYNN

**B**IOGRAPHY is one of the most difficult of the historical arts. Autobiography is usually a bore. It is most certainly one of the minor vices. The generous interest of Catholics in the reasonings and difficulties experienced by converts often constitutes a dangerous occasion for the indulgence of that human weakness for talking about oneself. For over 13 years I have been able to bore only those of my friends who have been generous enough to be interested. But in extenuation of the crime I am about to commit, I may say that this is the first time I have done so publicly and with previous intent.

It was just 13 years ago last Christmas eve that I was baptized conditionally. I first received Holy Communion in the gray dawn of Christmas morning in 1927. But that shining day is significant only against a background of many elements with a perspective not of one lifetime but of almost exactly five centuries.

There is an element of tragedy about conversion, an inescapable searching of the heart and realignment of mental attitude, the misunderstanding of friends, the separation of families, the inevitable necessity of choice between things well-beloved and familiar, and the intangible, eternal values which can be bought only with tears and the surrender of one's whole life.

The convert gains immeasurably by his transaction, it is true. But first he must leave behind him all familiar things with a finality which seems irremediable, and which, in not a few cases, is so. He cuts himself off from all the things he has been taught to love and to revere. He embraces those things which have stood for all that is bad, despicable, and malodorous. The devout Protestant who leaves his childhood faith affronts the deepest conviction of his family and former companions, and enters an unknown land, a *terra incognita*, his ears filled with warnings of unknown terrors from whose inescapable toils he will never be able to free himself.

I cannot speak for those converts

who have come from no particular belief into the Church, whose former attitude has been one of indifference to religion and unconcern for spiritual matters. I have never known such a convert. Even a passionate atheism seems to me to be a more fertile field for the nurture of faith than the hard-trodden, stony ground traversed only by the sordid things of this world. Paul, Augustine, Brownson, Newman, these are men who, having hated deeply, could in turn love much.

Few days pass in which I do not say a prayer of thanksgiving for the almost rigorously religious atmosphere of the home in which I grew up. It was a home in which faith was a vital, present force. The comforting teaching that the soul of the Church is big enough, the heart of the Church is kind enough, to encompass all such pious and sincere souls, becomes a necessary part of one's equipment when one comprehends their earnestness and pities their poverty of spiritual life.

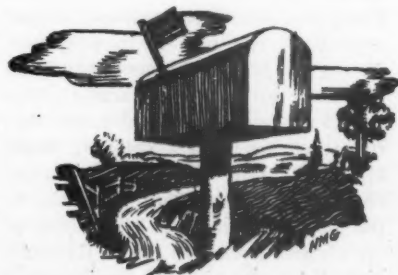
But overlying this unmistakable foundation of faith there is a bewildering and well-nigh impenetrable maze of untruth, false logic, and blind acceptance of error. Not once, but many times, in listening to the reasoning of these persons I have seemed to come face to face with a blank wall in which there was no opening, no way of egress, no means of surmounting its unfriendly barrier. Even those who are called their philosophers seem to come to the brink of an abyss into which they are afraid to look. The wings of reason, their only support, are insufficient to bear their weight in the

region where faith provides the only sure bridge, and they hide their faces and turn back to their pitiful treadmill of half-truths and uncertainties. Those who have gazed steadfastly forward have looked into the face of God.

Two instances will illustrate my meaning. When I was fourteen years old, my older brother was killed very suddenly. Bewildered, I went to the minister of our church, trying to understand the mystery of death, for the first time brought home to me as a personal equation. His answer was: "Well, that is probably the question they asked the sphinx, but the Egyptians believed in another life. Knowing what kind of a life your brother lived, you surely don't need to worry, but,—well, none of us knows for sure until after death." It may be only that the man was inadequate, but there was nowhere else for me to turn.

A number of years later, when I was a junior in college, our pastor was also our professor of psychology, a scholarly gentleman. Our Christian Endeavor Society was the center of the young people's activities in the church. The regular program included a reading from the Bible, some songs in more or less good taste, a discussion topic, sentence prayers, and another song. Though it was an unusually devout crowd of young people, it was upon the small group of those who felt the responsibility that the burden of these impromptu prayers repeatedly fell. Impelled by a strong sense of duty, and aided by whatever facility of speech we might have, we struggled through what was probably the most difficult five minutes of the week.

Then one week there was to be a change. After a short devotional meeting, the membership was to be divided into small discussion groups who were to settle the weighty problems of the world. The group to which I fell was to create a syllabus for study by other societies on "Why I am a Christian." I quite surely spoke out of turn but never more sincerely than when I asked,



"But how do I know I am a Christian?" The Pastor said (referring to those sentence prayers) "Nobody could pray as you do if he were not a Christian." A flow of words and an uncomfortable sense of duty would hardly, it seemed to me, constitute a Christian. The Pastor's answer was the beginning of my search for the Catholic Church.

This confusion of thought, this inadequacy of fare for the earnest soul, is not the fault of the individuals involved. Some fall away into doubt and disillusionment; some by God's mercy work out their lonely creeds and achieve no small degree of sanctity and do a great deal of good. Others, more fortunate, cut through the intricacies of unlimited error and stumble upon the truth in the Catholic Church. Catholics, as a rule, understand very little of the horrible creatures otherwise well-informed persons believe them to be. The malicious conspiracy to blacken and defame the Church which had mothered them goes back directly to the founders of the Protestant revolt. Armed with the new weapon of the printing press, they began a program of scurrility and pornography which has never been equalled. The marks of its filthy feet still defile the pages of the most elementary history books.

**I**N 1536 Luther wrote in his preface to the first historical attack of the Reformation: "I have been constrained by sorrow of heart, and also by legitimate rage, to pour out all this in order that I might inspire other pious and Christian souls to investigate, as much as they can be investigated, the Popish tyranny and the Pope's Church. For without doubt all those who have the Spirit of Christ know well that they can bring no higher or more acceptable praise-offering to God, than all they say or write against this blood-thirsty, unclean, blaspheming whore of the devil."

Later he wrote again: "It would be a blessed thing to do to strike out the Pope altogether as the arch-enemy of our Lord and Saviour, and the destroyer of His holy Christian Church. Next to the Holy Scriptures, the histories of the



emperors are well adapted to this end, for in them it is seen how full of devils the Popes have been and still are, and also what gross, ignorant asses they have always shown themselves as regards the Scriptures, to the eternal shame of the accursed See of Rome."

From that time to this an evil tongue filled with murderous half-truths has been tirelessly at work. A wave of such writing in our own country resulted less than a lifetime ago in the burning of convents and the degradation of public taste.

I spent the summer after the incident of the Christian Endeavor Society teaching in northern Minnesota. In our little town there was a resident minister who had forsaken an unremunerative store to preach in all good faith in this buried logging settlement. One evening our conversation turned to the Catholic Church, and although I had never known but one Catholic I said some small thing in defense of the Church's achievements as shown even by the incomplete history I had contacted.

The reaction was prompt and horrified. An end was to be put to all my foolishness, and I was to be shown the true character of this monster. The minister brought me a book, *The Life of an ex-Nun*, the first piece of real pornography it had ever been my bad fortune to see. Young as I was, I was thoroughly revolted, not at what I read, but at the crass ignorance, bad taste, and the teachings of a body that could allow a man of good character, charged with the care of souls, to put such a thing into the hands of an eighteen-year-old girl. My curiosity, too, was aroused, and when I

saw two Benedictine nuns in a railroad station a week later, I began a campaign of questions which ended four years later in conversion.

But I have spoken of faith and even sanctity in Protestant circles. Faith is a living thing, hard to kill, thriving wherever sincerity and good intention grant it sustenance. Those good souls who follow Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox, or Mary Baker Eddy are many times deeply sincere. God

does not refuse His grace. They have kept some shreds of truth, each a little different from the other, and on this meager fare they have managed to sustain some form of spiritual life and to put a great deal of effort into good works of many kinds.

My undergraduate days were spent at a small fresh-water college founded in devout hope by members of the Congregational Church, among whom was my own great-grandfather. This college was the epitome, the outward symbol, of my religious life, as well as the center around which the first twenty years of my life revolved. No moment of those twenty years is more vivid in my mind than the times I sang in chapel.

"Long years ago the trackless plain  
Our fathers nobly trod,  
And struggling on through toil and pain,  
This college built for God.  
In faith they laid its cornerstone  
They raised its walls with prayer,  
That God might bless it for His own,  
And set His favor there."

But in my senior year, as a result of the farmer's own depression, these walls began to crumble about my ears. The Episcopalians came in and took over the whole organization. It seemed that any faith was to be found acceptable if its adherents could raise sufficient funds. Two years later the doors were closed forever. The empty buildings stand today as a symbol of houses that are built upon the sands.

A year later I was away from home and found the world of salaries and jobs and landladies a very different place from the school where we had



been sure that we could remake the world within a decade at the most. There were no ancestors to hallow the halls of the "efficient church plant, the finest in the city," no spiritual nourishment in cleverly moderate sermons on social betterment, nothing but loneliness in Sunday evening clubs for a mind impetuously eager for the why of things, for active faith searching for a reasonable object.

I was in no doubt of the existence of a First Cause and Creator. It was obvious to me that such a Being must be infinitely perfect and accordingly kind. Revelation, which might be fully recognized, whose criteria were unmistakable and self-evident, was patently necessary to such perfection. Two questions remained. Was there historical proof of the genuineness of Christ's life and teaching? Secondly, did He found a Church and if so where is it?

A single backward glance at the history of mankind since the beginning of our era was enough to prove the historicity of the Christian facts. The whole course of human development has been changed not once, but many times, from century to century, by the quiet force and persistency of men who swam against the stream of normal human selfishness, striving for a crown that should be incorruptible. Only a divine origin could explain the phenomenon. The Man who had made Himself equal to God had spoken truth in every other statement. On His claim to divinity He staked His whole procedure. The truth of His promise seemed proved to me by the success of the program He based upon it.

**B**UT what of the other question? There is no more consistent human trait than the need and desire for organization and co-operative effort. It was reasonable that He who made man should offer him institutions suited to his temperament and predilections. Conversely, organizations have a way of reflecting the traits of their founders. I thought I should look for a Church gentle, kind, and wise in its dealings with human weakness, firm, just, and unvaryingly certain in dealing with human wickedness, adequate to its purpose, adapted to good fortune and bad, conscious of its divine origin, and unwaveringly faithful to

the letter and spirit of the trust it bears, speaking as one under authority, the divine authority to which alone it must give account. I tried hard to compromise. Every motive of expediency and worldly wisdom told me that any haven besides the Catholic Church would be more cordially welcomed by my family and friends.

As I searched further the necessity of choice became increasingly clear. Of all the bodies claiming the name of Christian only one claims to be founded by Him who said, "I will build my Church." All the others admit later dates and glory in other founders: Luther, Henry the Eighth, Calvin, the Pilgrim Fathers, or Wesley. Were these stars by which a life course might be charted?

Intellectually I was convinced, but I had to make my choice with my will. What values were to take first place in my own private hierarchy of importance? A choice is a decision between the greater and the lesser good. At my mother's request, I went to her pastor, a man who was a stranger to me. He began the conversation by telling me of a Catholic friend of his with whom he had played baseball and who (strangely enough) was an unusually fine person, keen, straightforward, devout, but unfortunately much benighted and horribly mistaken in his belief. Thus having absolved himself of all prejudice, he went on to say that I had mistaken the outward seeming, the ornaments, the lights, vestments, music, and splendor of the Catholic service for the substance of truth which I should find almost anywhere else. Hence I was a materialist, a crass person lacking spiritual insight. Beautiful churches and ordered display distract the soul from God. One should find communion with the Infinite in a beautiful scene, the stillness of mountains, the virtues of one's fellow men. It was materialism, akin to idolatry, which had led me to interest myself in this den of iniquity. Against such statements as of fact one does not make denial. Argument is useless.

So he began another line of attack. Did I realize that I would be turning my back upon all I held dear, that my family would disown me (as they did threaten for a time at his suggestion), that my school would be ashamed of me, that gossip would whisper behind my back. . . . For perhaps the only time in my life,

the words I needed seemed to be put into my mouth and I answered, "Yes, I am aware that I shall be losing this. I have considered the cost and it is great. Do you think a materialist would give up all this for a mere religion?"

**I** HAVE a friend, a woman doctor of about forty years of age, who has been a Protestant missionary in China for several years. She is the only white doctor in charge of two hospitals, each of which is the only medical agency for more than nine million people. That is to say, she directs the only health service of any kind for two cities as large as New York. The self-sacrifice which she exemplifies daily is almost beyond our prosaic imaginations. On a single day she attended personally more than 400 wounded soldiers.

When she was here recently on a short furlough, the conversation turned to the Church and she put into words the feeling of the intelligent Protestant against the Catholic Faith. She said that she felt it was wrong to submit one's conscience to the direction of any other person, and that in being loyal and obedient toward the Church one forsook the higher obligation of accountability to God alone and set a man-made institution above one's own conscience. As earnestly as I could, I expressed my belief in the Church's divine origin. I told her that in my submission to the Church I accepted not the authority of man but the guidance of the very agency through which God designs to teach us, and that I was firmly convinced that God's own law has never been and cannot be fully known except through the Church to which He promised the guidance of His own Spirit. A day after we parted I received a letter saying: "I wish we might have talked longer. You have opened to me an entirely new field of thought of whose existence I was scarcely aware. It may be you have indeed tapped the true sources of divine grace."

It seems to me that after the salvation of our own souls, as Catholics we bear no more important obligation than so to live that the divine quality of our faith is apparent even in our casual contacts, and to pray for those souls who live in spiritual hunger within reach of the very Source of Life.

WILLIAM JUDKIN boarded the homeward bound liner at Melbourne. She was the newest vessel of the fleet, the clean lines of her towering bulk accentuated by her coat of white paint. A splendid ship and one fit to carry Judkin back to the land of his birth.

He was a florid, heavily built man in the early forties, and his taste in ties and suits was flamboyant. This, perhaps, was not surprising, for as a child and a young man Judkin had been the close companion of poverty. But all that was behind him now; with a bank balance of \$500,000 and money coming in from half a dozen other sources he was as good as any man on board. In fact, better than most. Had he not the choicest *de luxe* suite, and a seat at the Captain's table?

On the first night after dinner he paced the wide promenade deck and puffed contentedly at a stout Havana cigar. Beside him walked Manning, an acquaintance of some years.

"You will find America changed," suggested Manning.

"You've said it! Changed for the better as far as I am concerned." And Judkin laughed. "I left it nearly twenty-five years ago with a few dollars in my pocket. I can tell you that I was glad to be out of the country."

"Quite obviously you did the right thing in leaving."

"Did I? I am not sure about that, but I do know that America owes me a lot. I was a bus boy in New York until I went to sea on a tramp steamer, and as a bus boy I saw enough of the kind of life that other people enjoyed. Fine clothes, and automobiles, and luxuries. That is the America I am going back to now."

"So you are a New Yorker."

"Not a bit of it. I'm from the Middle West, and I reckon to return to my home town. I'll cut a figure there."

"They should be proud of you," said Manning.

Judkin gave him a quick glance of suspicion. Was Manning smiling? He decided that he had been mistaken and made a wide gesture with his cigar. "Yes, I think Milton Parva will be proud of me. And I shall be able to do the old place a bit of good. Come into the salon and have a drink."

Milton Parva! Frequently during the voyage his thoughts took him

back to his boyhood in that village. It had not been a particularly happy boyhood. His mother, a widow, had earned a precarious living with her needle; and young Willie had always been underfed and ill clad. Many of the village children came from homes where food and clothing were more plentiful; and yet he had been something of a leader among them. He fastened on this fact, oblivious to the clear indication that his ascendancy had been that of a bully.

It would be a splendid thing to return and display his wealth before those companions of his youth. Ernie Goddard, Jackie Parden, Connie Marsh. Ernie, the lumpish son of the blacksmith, always intrigued with automobiles and engines and an easy butt for the other children. One day

# Blank

he, Willie, had neatly pushed Ernie into the village pond. In all probability Ernie had become blacksmith in his father's place. And Connie Marsh, a thin stick of a girl. Married to Ernie now; or perhaps to Jackie Parden. Fine to show them how he had prospered.

If the Milton Estate was in the market he would buy it. A pleasant, rambling house set amidst wide lawns and shut off from the outside

Illustrated by Paul Kinnear



"I've made money, a heap of it. What is this place worth to you?"

# CHECK

by Ray Carr

world by a belt of shady trees. He recalled how one day in summer he and half a dozen other youngsters had scrambled over a gap in the moss grown wall that flanked the lane near the house. They knew that the family was away, and from the shelter of the trees had gazed long at the scene before them. The lawns swept down to a level stretch of meadow ending where the trees stood. . .

"What a swell place for a baseball diamond," cried Jackie Parden ecstatically. "My dad says they played baseball right here."

"They never," denied Connie stoutly.

But Jackie was firm.

"Years and years ago." He plucked a blade of grass and chewed it. "Wish I could play here. I would, too, if I had this house . . ."

Willie laughed. "But you haven't got the house. Baseball! Pooh! If I had a lot of money I'd put up tennis courts, and right there by the big door there would be a tower with a clock on top. Gold hands and figures I'd have on the clock, too."

"It's lovely just as it is," sighed Connie sprawl in the dappled sunlight beneath the trees.

Even the stolid Ernie ventured an opinion. "A clock is useful," he agreed. "And I like baseball. Tennis is silly . . ." Whereupon Willie had proceeded to twist his arm.

And thus they had disputed shrilly until discovered by a gardener, on whose approach they scurried back to the road.

Lounging in a deck chair one afternoon, Judkin vividly recalled the incident. Saw clearly in his mind's eye the velvet lawns, and the mellow bricks of the old house warmed by the sun of summer. He could even visualize the clock tower which in imagination he had designed already.

Was Parden still a baseball enthusiast? No matter. But the younger villagers of Milton Parva would be glad of the privilege of being able to play an occasional game on the grounds of the estate.

That night before dinner he entertained half a dozen acquaintances in the most popular corner of the vast drawing room. The attentive steward was kept busy. Judkin insisted that his guests should not have empty glasses.

"Drink up!" he ordered. "This is a party, isn't it? But just you wait until I get to America. When I have my own place I'll show you a real party."

"Have you a house in America, Mr. Judkin?" gushed a banker's wife.

"Not yet. But I have my eye on a place. I'll get it," he asserted readily. "It will be cocktails for all of you there."

"At Milton Parva?" hazarded Manning.

"That's the spot."

"You won't like it, Judkin. That life doesn't suit you. Too dull."

"Dull! I reckon I can wake the place up."

Manning's words rankled. They suggested that he did not belong to the life he had mapped out for himself. Why not? Hadn't he made money? In the last dozen years he had bested many a man who counted himself clever. There was that oil deal in New Guinea when he had bluffed old Carpenter out of ten thousand dollars, and that pearly syndicate he had floated in Brisbane had earned him a pocket of money. If other mugs lost it that was none of his fault. What the blazes did a little rat of a lawyer like Manning know about the things he could or could not do? He would show the lot of them just how fine a fellow William Judkin was.

**T**HE long, rakish sports model car, agleam with sky blue enamel and chromium plating, nosed its way along the winding lane. Ahead, beyond the next turn, lay Milton Parva. But Judkin was in no hurry; at the moment his attention was on the moss grown wall flanking the right of the lane. Abruptly he swung his car onto the grass verge and pulled up. There was a gap in the wall, and he could almost have sworn that it was the self-same gap he had climbed through nearly thirty years ago. He got out of the car and went

to the gap; in a few moments he was beneath the trees on the other side of the wall.

A single glance sufficed to show that the house was tenanted. Save for the broken wall behind him the place bore a well-kept air; between the trees could be seen a stretch of mown lawn, and nearer the house tended shrubs and flower beds. . .

He was trespassing, but a trifle of this kind carried no weight with Judkin. His check book was in his pocket; if necessary, he was prepared to make a deal on the spot with the owner of the Estate. The fellow could name his own price, within reason.

Going forward to the edge of the trees he gave a little grunt of annoyance. The level meadow and the sloping lawns were now one, and here was a baseball field. He had been forestalled.

He lifted his eyes to the façade of the house, and at once his attention was fixed intently on it. For a moment he thought that he was dreaming. He saw a clock tower, the tower of his imagining. On the black face of the clock were numerals and hands of dull gold. Motionless, William Judkin stared at that tower.

For a couple of minutes or so he stood there, and then became aware that someone was approaching him across the field. A stout man with a drooping moustache and a shambling walk came forward deliberately, a spaniel at his heels.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired the stout man. In spite of his shabby tweed jacket and gray flannel trousers he spoke with the assurance of ownership.

Judkin set his jaw. "Well, I would like to meet the gentleman who owns this property. I have a mind to buy the place." If this shabby looking fellow did happen to be the owner he would no doubt be willing to make some money.

The stout man smiled and shook his head. "This house is mine and I am afraid that it is not for sale."

Judkin was at once upon his mettle. "I have a fancy for the place Mr. —er."

"Goddard is my name."

"Well, Mr. Goddard, I'm in a position to pay for my fancies. You only have to name your price."

The stout man felt in the pocket of his jacket for his pipe. "I am exceedingly sorry, but your offer has



no attractions for me at all." He began to fill his pipe deliberately.

Judkin glared at him angrily. Here was another of these people who prided themselves on their birth and upbringing. Snobs who had not a decent thought for a man who had fought his way upward.

"I have money, a whole heap of it. What is this place worth to you?"

Goddard struck a match, then lit his pipe. "Really, sir, I would prefer not to discuss the matter any further. I have no doubt that you can find your own way off the premises. Come along, Bonzo." With a curt nod he turned away.

Things were not turning out quite according to program. With a sullen anger at the superior Goddard, Judkin drove on down the lane. He felt quite certain that in the village he would hear one or two unflattering criticisms of this fellow Goddard. Milton Parva would not stand much from men of that kind.

The car entered the village street. To Judkin his thirty years absence had brought little change to the scene. The hand of progress had touched the village lightly. The pond, unhygienic but picturesque, was much as it had been on the day when the youthful Ernie had been sent headlong into its scummy water. And there, just beyond the pond, was the village store. "J. Marsh—General Dealer" ran the sign. Connie's father! He must be an old man now. Judkin remembered him as a thin dry stick of a fellow with a bald pate and ragged whiskers. Well, no doubt old Marsh would have a respectful welcome for him.

He drew up close beside the pond, and crossed the road to the little shop. Marsh was alone; he looked not a day older.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Marsh. I reckon you don't know me."

The shopkeeper blinked through his spectacles. "No. Can't say as I do, sir."

Judkin guffawed. "Willie Judkin. Left the village when I was a boy. I used to be friendly with Connie."

"Well! Well! Fancy that! Mrs. Judkin's Willie." The old man held out his hand. "The young 'uns hereabouts know how to get on."

"You're right there, Mr. Marsh. I've done well. Made a pocketful of money." And Judkin launched out into an enthusiastic recital of his success. At length he paused for breath.

Old Marsh smiled and nodded his head. "So you have made money, young fellow. And how did you do it?"

"Business, good speculations." The younger man waved his hand in a vaguely expressive gesture. "And how is Connie?" he inquired, abruptly changing the conversation.

"Connie is right enough." The shopkeeper scratched his chin reflectively. "Yes, Connie is fine. You've heard of Constance Martindale?"

"The famous actress? Of course."

"Our Connie," said the old man laconically.

"Your Connie!" Then William Judkin paused agape as the significance of the information came to him. Constance Martindale was the leading actress of the American stage. Connie Marsh! He began to congratulate the old man on the success of his daughter. But his praise was perfunctory. It was a disappointment to hear of Connie's success.

"Yes, the village has turned out some rare good stuff," mused the old man. "You'll remember Jackie Parden? Played baseball for the Giants, he did. A fine batter he was until he met with that accident and lost an arm. Now he has the job of groundsman up at the Manor."

"Who is this fellow Goddard?" asked Judkin. "I don't much like his style." That he should have assisted

Jackie to realize his dream was an impertinence.

"Maybe you are right there, Willie." And old Marsh's eye dwelt for a moment on the bright check tie and heliotrope silk shirt of his visitor. "Goddard is a quiet sort of fellow. He always was that kind. You see, he is a busy man. He does real work. Why, he invented the Goddard aero engine when he was only twenty-one. But you know him well."

"Never set eyes on him before this afternoon." William Judkin was annoyed. Goddard was evidently a man of means. The question was put to Marsh.

"Money? Why Goddard must be a millionaire. And to think that he was Ernie Goddard, our old blacksmith's son. But there is no side about Ernie, there isn't." The old shopkeeper stared in some surprise at Judkin. "Hey! Willie, you're not feeling ill, are you?"

"Ill!" gasped Judkin. "No, I . . . I'm all right, thanks . . ." He paused. Then with some of his accustomed jauntiness he added, "It is very nice to have seen you again, Mr. Marsh. I was just passing through the village . . . Thought I would look in . . . Good-by!"

Two minutes later the blue sports model car had already shed the dust of Milton Parva from its wheels. Mr. William Judkin was in full retreat.

## GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT

By MARY CLAIRE McCAULEY

*O wild white winds of April,  
O hills so newly bright,  
How still the sky, and breathless  
Glows tonight . . .*

*The very stars hang frozen  
Above a fresh-cut Tomb;  
Last night they hung in wonder  
Above a Room . . .*

*Where sweet the Word was spoken  
Ere Man's last day was gone;  
How lone the Flesh, all broken,  
Awaits the dawn . . .*



*New but promising work for a Felician Sister from Chicago*

"WHAT! You never heard that Jesus died for you?" the priest exclaimed in surprise.

"No sah. Ah ain't even heered that He was sick!"

Little Sam stood there kicking the door lightly with his black bare foot. Father Arnold Vetter, C.P. recovered his breath, and then said softly: "Come inside, my boy, and I will tell you about Jesus."

He led the way inside the old store building to where a crucifix stood on a little table. The boy followed hesitantly, for he was still somewhat suspicious of the white man. There he heard for the first time the story of Jesus Crucified.

"Ah'll be back tomorrow, mistah," the boy promised as he made his way out the door.

Thoughtfully, the priest returned to his work with hammer and nails. He would never have believed it! To think that there were people in the United States who had never heard the story of Jesus Crucified. And this was the year 1938!

It was only a week or so since he had come to Ensley. He had left Chicago with just a suitcase. The only directions he had from his religious Superior were to "start some Colored Missions somewhere in Alabama!"

It was not difficult to find colored people in Alabama. In fact there are a little more than 1,000,000 Negroes in the State. And only about one half of one per cent are Catholics! So Father Arnold might have started in any one of a hundred different localities. But he quickly decided on Ensley. Within a radius of two miles there were about 50,000 colored peo-

ple and almost 100,000 within four miles! And there were only about six colored Catholics in Ensley!

There was an old store building for rent. The windows were broken, the roof was falling in and plaster was falling from the walls. After four weeks' work on the building, Father Arnold had a little Chapel and living quarters prepared. A second priest came down to help him. At the first Mass about eight colored people were present.

Hopeful of using the lower store room for a school, the priests and their small congregation started a Novena to the Sacred Heart. Before the Novena was over a lady in Cincinnati wrote that she had heard, in some round-about way, of his desire to start a little school, and she was sending him desks and school books!

They partitioned the first floor off into class rooms. But still there was no one to teach in school! Even the modest salary ordinarily given for the support of our Catholic Sisters seemed out of the question. So they started another Novena to the Sacred Heart. And they found a community of Sisters who were looking for a Colored Mission and were not expecting the least salary! These were the Felician Sisters from Chicago.

A few days after the Sisters arrived, the school was filled to capacity. The first few weeks were trying ones for the good Sisters. The children did not know how to read or write. And restless! Out of four children at the blackboard three would unconsciously be doing a little jig!

Gradually they settled down. The Sisters have done splendid work. The

# ALABAMA HARVEST

By HENRY VETTER, C.P.

little school now has two hundred of the finest children in Ensley.

The Mission is also fortunate in having the services of a Trinitarian Sister. Sister Anthony Leonard conducts the kindergarten in the mornings. Her afternoons and evenings are devoted to social work and to the clubs she has started among the younger and older girls of Ensley.

Through the kindness of the good Sisters of Charity at Birmingham, Father Arnold was able to open a small clinic. At first it took care of about twenty patients a week. But this number soon grew to a hundred. Now we often have three hundred patients a week. As our clinic grew, God sent us a woman to take care of it. Miss Fitzgerald, a trained nurse of wide experience, has been devoting all her time to this work without the least recompense! God's hidden heroes are not all buried in the past! And just last month the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky, came down to help us. They have taken over the clinic and hope in the near future to erect a little hospital for the colored people.

All sorts of people come to the Catholic Mission for relief—gray-haired old men and women, little girls and boys, mothers with their babies: Lula Belle, Anna Belle, Hattie, and Carrie, George Washington and Ishmael. Their poor homes are all around the Mission—mud street after mud street, lined with one story frame houses. Many of them are little better than shacks, with two, three, and four families in them. Across the street, by way of exception, there is a two story house. It is

called an "apartment house." It has ten rooms and there are ten families renting them!

Upstairs, there, in one of the back rooms lived one of our school children with her mother. Last year when Edna was sick we visited her and baptized her when the doctor pronounced her dying. In that room was everything they owned—a little table, a bed, two chairs and some chickens tied to the legs of the bed! And there the girl was left to suffer alone all day while her mother went out to work for two or three dollars a week!

Another sick call found a lad just seven years old dying of cancer. In his terrible suffering he did not even have a bed to lie on! Two chairs with an old blanket spread across them was the only bed he had for months.

It is among poor people such as these that the Passionists in Alabama are working. And they are meeting with a wonderful response. Where there were just six Catholics three years ago there are now close to a hundred. There are about fifty non-Catholics taking instructions for baptism, with about eighty coming to the weekly Inquiry Classes. Recently a fourth priest has come down to assist in the work.

The little Chapel in the rented store building was too small and too shabby, so they started another Novena to the Sacred Heart for land to

build on; and then another Novena for a church to put on the land. Much earnest prayer and hard work made both these dreams come true.

On February 16, 1941, Holy Family Church of Ensley was dedicated. The little parish had a grand parade from the old store building to the new church. Then dedication services were held, followed by Solemn Mass. The Most Reverend Thomas J. Toolen of Mobile remained with us to confirm practically the whole parish. Old men and women, together with little children who had just made their First Holy Communion, received the Holy Ghost together.

Now the priests and good people of Holy Family Mission are asking God to make it possible for them to erect a new school. The rent for the old building has been raised, and the school is entirely too small. In the last six months we have been compelled to refuse admission to more than 250 children!

The dedication of Holy Family Church closes the first page in the history of the Western Passionist Fathers in Dixieland. We are happy to be in a field in which some of our fellow Passionists have been laboring in the State of North Carolina. Across this page is written in large letters "The Providence of God." But this is just the first page. God's blessing is on this work and it will grow. The brief history of this Mis-

sion in Ensley will be repeated in other Missions that are, even now, just beginning. There is a rich harvest of souls to be gathered for our Crucified Master right here in the United States.

We realize that this harvest will not be reaped without unceasing effort and toil. Long-uncultivated soil, even though fertile, offers its own special problems. Even before the seed is sown, the ground must be cleared and prepared. Part of our time must be given to this task.

The Church in the South has been so long impoverished, and is still so handicapped by lack of vocations and shortage of funds, that it has not been able to give the attention it would like either to the Whites or the Negroes.

Judging from the reception given us here, I would say that there is good will in abundance. Patience will break down whatever opposition may result from misunderstanding. I think we can look forward to even fuller co-operation in the future.

So vast is the amount of work to be done, however, that there is danger of yielding to the temptation of discouragement. Each day brings some new proofs of how large a task we have undertaken. We cannot rest with this small beginning. We must go forward. It is our prayer that God will send us friends to aid us in this new venture.



Gathered in front of the newly dedicated Holy Family Church at Ensley, Alabama, are Most Rev. Thomas J. Toolen, Passionist Superiors and religious, secular clergy, Felician Sisters and members of the congregation





# WOMAN TO WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

## Logic Versus Intuition

DOWN in the small but active State of Rhode Island there was an interesting debate some weeks ago. It was held in the college of Providence by the Philosophy Club of that institution of learning. The debate—of all things—was whether woman's intuitive faculty is superior to the logical faculty of men. The affirmative won.

The subject itself doesn't seem to me to make sense, either because my intuition is at fault or because by some chance I received a small share of that logical faculty when it was being passed out to the men folks. Or perhaps my intuition is wrong in telling me I have any logical faculty at all. You see how involved a mere woman can get when faced by a debate of importance, of very great importance in times of mighty upheaval of the world such as are on us today. At least, as an aside, one may say that since some of the legislators down in Washington seem to be using neither logic nor intuition for their debates, perhaps it is valuable to have a subject of almost classic remoteness from our noisy day debated in the pleasant town of Providence.

But it is also true that no Congressman in Washington, bent on the noble purpose of seeing that this country gets run right even if he has to do it alone, has used in the long-suffering *Congressional Record* such aroused phrases as "insidious, illogical, inconsistent, intricate, intolerant, irrelevant, and immaterial"—all of which the opposition seems to have applied to womankind—in general, however. The earnest debaters have overlooked the fact that some of these adjectives presuppose logic.

I had meant to write about this debate earlier, but it was put aside in the press of other things I had the urge to prove. Then a woman's talk about it brought it back to my mind, although unfortunately for my side she was not of great help in the point I wanted to make, for she asked plaintively, "What can we do to convince the overwhelming majority of masculine skeptics as to the truth of our contention that our intuition is the greater asset?" My answer to that one would be, "Don't try, lady." But where under the sun does the idea come from that men possess the logical and women the intuitive faculty? How did the idea originate that women have one and men the other, each its own little large or small bundle of the one commodity and none of the other. Human beings are not so simply equipped as that.

## A Week with Dante

A YOUTH of my acquaintance had been taking a course in literature at one of our institutions of higher learning, and the course included a week of studying Dante's *Inferno*. No doubt the real idea was to

read Dante as literature, but the professor felt too intensely about it to be so impersonal. He told his large and no doubt attentive class that the idea which Dante expressed in his book—the idea of a hereafter—was one to make a man shudder, the most terrible theory, he felt, ever thought up by mind of man.

There must have been some Catholics in that class. I asked if any of them had spoken up, and it seemed no one did. So with my usual faculty for stepping into mud-holes, I sent word to the professor via my young friend that it seemed hardly fair to dismiss as bad theory a belief which had produced great religions and that was responsible for much of today's civilization, both in the West and the Orient.

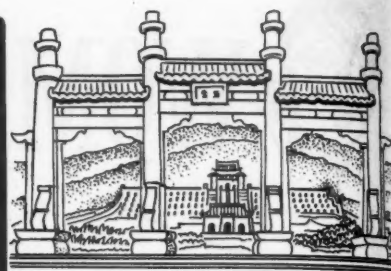
He sent back word that to ignore this life and to concentrate on an imaginary future one was a horrible thought. I suggested he read some of Thomas Aquinas and Cardinal Newman, but no doubt he had either read them and didn't approve, or didn't want to bother reading authors who believed in a future life.

## Spirits for the Spirit!

I SHOULD like to call the attention of those who may have missed it to an advertisement which appeared recently in various magazines. "In these bewildering times, where can a man turn to replenish the wells of his courage, to repair the walls of his faith?" the advertisement asked dramatically, with all the fervor of the beginning of a good sermon. Then very simply it gave an answer to that complicated question, a rather different answer too: "In a glass of beer."

## Missing Typewriters

VERY rarely do I ask for help in this column, but this seems a time when I may do it. In Harlem, as many of you know, Catherine de Hueck is doing a great work among the colored children of that neglected neighborhood. In the store she had made into a library have been housed the eight typewriters of many ages and makes which she and her associates have got together—all the machines the "children of begging and prayers," as she puts it. Last week thieves broke in and stole every one of those typewriters, so that now the many letters must be written by hand and the children can't even get out their little mimeographed newspaper. They are all very sad about it, but they are already actively at work, begging and praying for typewriters—new ones or old ones or any kind at all. I am adding my prayers and my begging to theirs. Will some of my readers help her with an old machine or a small check toward new purchases?



# THE SONGS THEY SING

By  
CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P.



Illustrations by Weda Yap

WE WERE sitting on the front stoop of the priests' quarters—a two-room house along one side of the Luki Mission quadrangle; to the right and left and in front of us were the former catechumenate buildings, now turned into homes for war refugees. It was the quiet, restful time of dusk. In the chapel all had sung the beautiful evening prayers, and this was now the "children's hour." We sat there, happy—a priest from far away and these children from Kiangsü and Anhwei, from Hupeh and Hopeh and Shantung. Besides that wondrous bond of union, the Catholic Faith, we also had this in common, that we were all far from home.

I had purloined a ukulele belonging to Father Jeremiah and was strumming the dainty air of *Little Old Lady* as I sang it in the lilting Chinese monosyllables.

"Shen Fu," several said after a pause, "you should hear T'ien Sou Chen sing *Pa I San*; she does it so well."

And so it was that a maid of twelve years, with a sweet, pathetic face, stepped aside from the group. She grew suddenly older than her years as she sang, with all the woes of "Little Old Lady China" resting on her, with the memory of the blinding, shattering cannon fire from the forts around her home at the foot of Tsi Ching Mountain, back of Nanking—the whole thing that had sent her homeless into exile.

The melody was plaintive and the tempo slow, unlike most of the Old China songs I had heard:

"Our enemy's hordes are at Shuchow on the Hwang Pu Kiang  
Where lie our public lands and private lands;

Where are the fine nourishing foods,  
the tea and sustaining rice;  
There are our brothers and truly  
loved fathers and mothers.  
O, that *Pa I San*, that Thirteenth of  
Eighth Moon!

Ever since that lost-inheritance day,  
That thirteenth of Eighth Moon!  
That *Pa I San*!

Ever since that fatal day, they have  
torn asunder our united home-  
land;

They have overrun our prosperous  
markets and lands.

Oh, wandering sons! Oh, wandering  
sons!

In what year and in what moon  
Can we return to our old beloved  
countryside?

In what year and in what moon  
Can we win back our prosperous  
markets and lands?

Oh, Fathers! Mothers!—Oh, Fathers!  
Mothers!

When again c'n we live with you  
at our family shrine!"

Thus little Susan sang, verse after  
verse. Other songs followed on, with  
more martial spirit. But the *Pa I San*  
remained Susan's favorite. It was  
originally written for "Chiu I Pa,"  
or the Eighteenth of Ninth Moon;  
that was the day on which the  
Japanese Army had begun to over-  
run Manchuria.

Stanley Yü, my friend in the Chi-  
nese Post Office who played the  
melody for me on his two-string vio-  
lin, remarked that the government  
has discouraged the singing of it  
as the theme is too sad. The present  
spirit of China is one of aroused  
vigor and determined defense. More  
suited to this is the *Marching Song*  
of the Volunteers. What we translate  
as volunteers the Chinese call the  
'army, true and brave.'

"Rise up! refuse to be a people in  
slavery!

Let's take our blood and our flesh  
and build us a new Great Wall!  
As China's Nation meets this danger  
hour

Let every one of us bear up and do,  
To the very last drained body!

Rise up! Rise up! Rise up!

Let us all with  
one heart stop  
the enemy's  
gunfire!  
March on!  
March on!  
March on! On!  
On!"

This song  
and others like  
it are the really  
popular ones.

They sing with a gusto the *Sacrifice*  
*Song—Hsi seng i tao tswei hou*  
*kwan t'on!* I could go on with song



after song, but I do not want to tire  
you. Somewhere in the course of  
these lines there should have been a  
reminder not to bother about my  
rhythm or rhyme; I merely wanted  
to give an idea of the spirit that is  
in the Chinese songs.

Ah! What spirit there is in song!  
And power to move! One of the  
early heresies made its headway,  
they say, through the popularity of  
its songs. I see by the late papers  
(very late, indeed, getting here) that  
the great George Cohan was given a  
medal by the President for the help  
his song *Over There* gave to America  
at war.

Over here it is one of the favorite  
recreations of the students of the  
exiled universities to go around the  
countryside teaching the people  
patriotic songs. A few months ago,  
before I left Luki, a whole troupe  
marched into the town and for four  
nights we had movies and singing.  
While the young men prepared the  
gasoline motor and adjusted the  
projector, a band of young ladies  
mounted a stage and won over the  
crowd to "sacrifice yourselves to the  
very last stand;" and to "Forward  
march! No retreat! Live or die, on  
to the end!" *Seng, Si, i tao tswei hou*  
*kwan t'ou!*

They have something to sing for,  
these Chinese students of today: the

great old culture of China, the free-  
dom of the land. It is not like  
thirteen and fourteen years ago when  
those of us who went through the  
storm of the Red days stood alone  
at our Mission gates, while just such  
students pounded by, screeching  
"Down with all foreigners!" (Except  
Russians). "No outworn marriage  
customs! we're free! Let the young  
rule the land; kill everyone over  
forty!" That last gives me an added  
reason for rejoicing that the tune is  
not today what it was then.

But if you really want to see 'what  
a whale of a difference' just some  
sense makes, you could see it in the  
different effect the students of today  
have on what China calls the *Lao*  
*Peh Hsing*. The people of China are  
deeply in sympathy with them today.  
The songs they sing are making it  
harder and harder to weaken the  
spirit of the Chinese in their oppo-  
sition to Japan, and not all the air-  
raids of their enemies can frighten  
the Chinese into submission. I am  
merely reporting what I have seen  
and sensed. Wisely has it been said:  
"Let who will write the laws of a  
land, only let me write its songs!"







*Refugees at Yüanling prepare their evening meal*

**I**T WAS cold, and the rain beat down unceasingly. Outside the bedroom window of a sick missionary stood a crowd of people, anxious for a glimpse of their friend and spiritual Father. Long weeks had he lain in his room, close to death. During these weeks the sunshine and smiles were gone from the Mission. The joyous shouts of the children were hushed; the great doors of the Mission were closed, and folks went about on tiptoe.

One evening word was spread that he was very low. The Christians and their non-Christian friends hurried to the church. Some even left their suppers to pray and earnestly to ask God to spare their friend. On the Sunday before Epiphany it was thought a blood transfusion was all that could save him. Even His Excellency, Bishop Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P. hastened to the hospital across the river. There with the other missionaries then in Yüanling, he was tested for his blood.

Next morning the patient rallied a little and the transfusion was postponed. A few days later he suffered another relapse. The Christians rushed to the church. They said their prayers; they recited the Rosary; then they started on the Way of the Cross. How could Heaven resist such earnest pleas? It was while they were following their Saviour on His road of suffering and sorrow, that God sent an answer to their prayers. The sick missionary had a fit of coughing and a large clot was discharged from his lungs. He breathed more easily. Before many days Father Paul, the pastor of the Yüanling Mission, was able to announce to the people that the missionary was on the road to re-

covery. He was still very weak; absolute quiet was necessary. While the rays of sunshine had stolen through the clouds, the usual hustle and noise around the Mission was absent.

T o d a y again it is cold, and it is raining. It is also the feast of Saint Marcellus, the patron of the sick missionary who had endeared himself to the people of Yüanling. Fr. Marcellus had shown only kindness and pity for these people. Gathered from the many provinces of China, rendered helpless and penniless, they depended on their spiritual Father for food and shelter. Long, long hours each day had he spent in the office listening to their troubles; on the road visiting their hovels; in the refugee camps, seeing what might be done for them.

He had spent himself for their sake, and now today is his Feast Day. In the dark hours of early morning they have come to Mass and have received Holy Communion for him. Mass over, they set off firecrackers in token of their joy. Though they may not yet disturb him, they have been promised their first glimpse of him since the beginning of his sickness. Hence they have come around to the

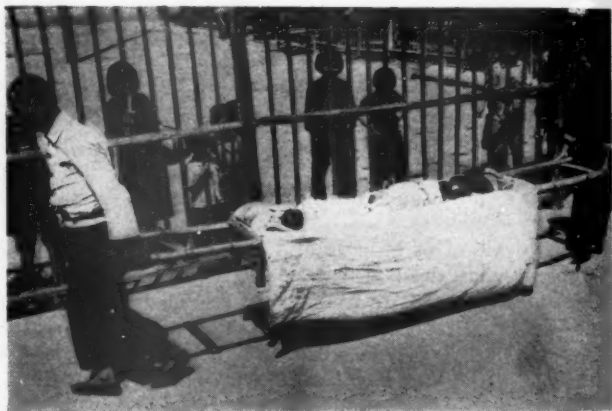
# AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW

By

JAMES LAMBERT, C.P.

side of the house to stand beneath his window. With the aid of one of the good Sisters who had cared for him day and night his hand is raised in blessing. A mighty cheer goes up from the watchers outside.

Who are these people? They are the derelicts of war. They are the



*Air Raid! A "load" of babies is carried to safety at the siren's first warning*

remnants of once happy families. Bombs and fires have driven them from their homes. They drifted here. The world seemed black, and everything seemed lost. Then they saw the towers on the *Tien Tsu Tang*, the Catholic Church. They heard that this Church was doing *hao shih*, performing good works.

At first many were suspicious; some even disliked the "strange men from over the ocean." There were others who, in America, would be called "pink"—tainted with Communism. A few were actual Reds. But they came to the Mission and looked in at the church doors. They heard these strange men telling of a God Who loved the poor and the afflicted. They saw the affection with which others

like themselves regarded the missionaries and the Sisters. Timidly they approached. They experienced only kindness, and found the help they so sorely needed—help which was made possible through the good readers of *THE SIGN*. Through this kindness and help, they too have become Catholics. Witness the mute testimony to their Faith, as they stand here before the missionary's window in the cold and in the rain.

Would you know how the missionaries have won their hearts? Do you see that office in the front of the house? There the missionary spends many an hour with these poor people. Do you see the crowd waiting outside the door? They know that behind the door they have a friend who is willing to listen to them and to help them. Open the door carefully, for all are anxious to tell their story.



*Not too young to do their share of work. Child refugees smilingly shelling beans*

The first one in is Mr. Wang. "Well Mr. Wang, what can we do for you?"

"Ah, Father, I have no clothes."

"What, with that wonderful jacket, and you say you have no clothes?" The jacket is a thin little thing for summer heat and this is the dead of winter. Mr. Wang says nothing but a broad smile comes over his face. He opens the jacket and exposes what seems to be a good undershirt. Then he turns around and everyone, including Mr. Wang, has a laugh. For the shirt has no back to it. His shoulders are bare.

Poor Mr. Wang. His home was in Changteh. He had a good wife and four little children. When the city was bombed his home was destroyed. On the long, hard journey to the

western part of this province, his wife had died. Mr. Wang was left with the four little children to whom he must be mother as well as father. Though it is cold weather, he is smiling broadly. The back of his shirt has possibly gone to patch his children's clothes, and he gladly bears the cold to keep them warm. Mr. Wang is given a new jacket to cover his back. All thanks to you, dear readers. If you saw the look on his face as he went out the door you would feel amply repaid for your kindness.

Next comes Mrs. Peng, a mother with four little children, a baby in her arms. Her husband was killed in a bombing in far off Anwhei province. The poor woman is almost frantic wondering from whence the next meal shall come. Her name and those of her children are written down. For each one ten cents a day is given. Not much, you say! But there

are thousands like Mrs. Peng. Would that we had more to give. This little sum keeps the wolf of hunger at least outside the door. The poor mother bows her thanks, and the children smile. The little one in the mother's arms "goo-

goos" and gurgles and imitates its mother's smile. They all go away happy. Since the beginning of the war in China there have been thousands of others who have come here, as did Mrs. Peng, and gone away just as happy—all due to your charity.

After long hours of such work a

little walk seems inviting to the missionary. Not far from the Mission are two refugee camps; let us go to one of them. It is like all others in our territory—those in Yüanling, Chih-kiang, Supu, Chenki, Kaotsun, Yung-sui, Yungshun—wherever your charity permits us to open such camps. As we enter the grounds, the people are cooking their rice over large brick stoves to one side of the yard. Everyone has a smile and a pleasant word.

"Hello, Father, have you eaten your rice?"

"Many thanks, I have just eaten."

"Hi, Father," calls a group of little children. They come running up to cluster around their friend.

Enter one of the buildings. Like the others, it is filled with double-decker beds, row on row, with a very small space between each. This is what these poor people call home. But they are happy; they have a shelter; they have food.

On the way back to the Mission let's stop at the hospital. It is under the care of the Sisters of Charity. There are all types of disease, sickness, and misery; bombing and accident victims, typhoid patients, mothers and babies, wounded soldiers, ailing children. We enter a ward for the men.

"Hi, Father," they call. There are two rows of beds. About halfway down one row lies a small boy with a broken leg—the *yuen zong*, or "Boss of the Ward," the men call him. The priest stands before the boy.

"Hello, Johnny. Can you say the Hail Mary?"

"Sure, Father!" And Johnny blesses himself devoutly. The men listen in respectful silence. A visiting officer



*A little girl carries a heavy load of firewood back to the refugee camp at Yüanling*

doffs his cap, while Johnny pays honor to the Queen of Heaven.

"That was fine, Johnny. Here is a holy picture, the Child Jesus in the Crib at Bethlehem."

A soldier sees the picture. "Hi, Father, I can pray, too." And he tries to make the Sign of the Cross. But it does not look orthodox to Johnny.

"Aw! You're no Christian!" And everyone has a laugh, including the soldier.

We go downstairs. In another ward, a man lies dying; he has a very bad heart. "Keep up the good fight, Andy! You will soon be with God!"

"Oh, is that you, Father? How is Father Marcellus?"

"A little better, thanks, Andy."

"Thank God for that," smiles Andy.

"Father," says the Sister in charge of the hospital, "there is a very sick woman over here." We enter the women's ward. The priest, as he passes by the beds, sees one in which a mother is lying. At the foot of the bed, a tiny youngster is peeping out from the coverlet.

"Aha! A patient with two heads!"

And he points to the mother's and then to the child's. Everybody smiles.

Nearby lies the very sick woman. She has been brought in from the country, and has never heard of God. In a few words the priest tells her of the good Lord of Heaven; of His love and sufferings for poor souls like her. Soon the poor woman wishes to be baptized. Although very sick, she, too, is now able to smile.

On the way out, we meet the two Mission doctors. "Hello, Senior Chaplain!" says the priest to Doctor Tassis. Doctor Tassis is himself a refugee from Vienna. Though a Jew by birth, he now carries a crucifix. He tells the priest if a patient becomes very ill. If he hears the missionary will not reach the patient in time, he himself will speak words of hope and salvation in the person's ear. With him is Doctor Yü, a capable young Chinese physician, who is a graduate of Aurora University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in Shanghai.

Both doctors smile. "Everyone will probably live through the night, Father. Should any turn for the worse, we shall tell you."

"Thanks very much, Doctors! Well, good night!" And we turn our steps toward the Mission. With a feeling of sadness, in spite of the

cheery greetings, we recall how, a short time ago, there was another hospital in Chihkiang, in charge of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. There, too, the afflicted found comfort and solace. But the place was bombed, blown to smithereens.

It has been a long, long day. But this is the usual routine not only in Yüanling but throughout our territory. By the time they lie down for a night's rest the missionaries are well spent. But friends, the missionaries could accomplish little, if you did not aid them with your prayers, if you did not give them something to spend other than themselves: something that will buy clothing for these poor people; something that will help them obtain food, a shelter over their heads, medicine when they are sick. Then, too, there is that which counts more than all these. Through your prayers and sufferings, these people come to a knowledge of God and the Catholic Faith.

If you would learn something of bombings and refugee camps, spend a day with the missionary; listen to the heart-rending stories of these poor souls. When that day is over you will be willing to dig down into your pocket; you will offer that last quarter you have saved for the movies. You will get more pleasure out of the sacrifice than had you seen the show, for God will not be outdone in generosity. What you give up in the enjoyment of that picture, will be amply repaid by Him.

Readers of THE SIGN, let's go back to the room of Father Marcellus. His

sickness was serious. It had been a long fight. But he knew that God was going to spare him to work once again for these poor people. The doctor called his recovery a miracle. I saw the doctor when he had exhausted all his skill; he was downcast, as he gave scant hope for the life of the missionary.

But then there were those poor people, the refugees; they stormed Heaven day and night with their prayers, in the zeal of their new found Faith. From the meager bit of money allowed them for food and drink they sent offerings for Masses, received Holy Communion, and made many heroic sacrifices. Asking God to spare the missionary to work for souls, one man offered to God the life of his baby boy, saying if God would accept it, the child would go straight to Heaven. How could such prayers go unheard!

If you too would know the power of their prayers, come to their assistance, and send an offering to THE SIGN.

Although it was cold and raining, the room seemed filled with sunshine, as Father Marcellus smiled. Someone had told him that I was writing to his friends at home, to ask for prayers and help. As far as he was concerned, no sacrifice was too great for Christ's work in China. He felt sure that if the Catholics in America understood the good that was in these poor people for whose souls he labored; if they could get some idea of their dire needs, help would be forthcoming. There was confident hope, and thankfulness for life, in the sunshine of his smile.

As I left the room, Sister Catherine Gabriel, who with Sister Beata Maria had watched through the long hours of danger, said with a twinkle in her eyes: "Tell the folks at home that Father has spent *himself* for God and souls. Ask them to give something else to spend for the same cause."

Yes, dear friends, here in China we have the tears and the smiles, the rain with the sunshine. Where you have these, there is always the rainbow. They told us in childhood days that at the end of the rainbow there hung a pot of gold. If this were only true, what might we do for God!

What is not at the end of a rainbow is in the pockets of some good folks who, even at a sacrifice to themselves, will stand by us. In advance, a "Thank You!"



Smiling Martha Peng



# Sister Electa Dies

By SISTER ETHELBERTA

"**SISTER ELECTA. TYPHUS.**" A cable of few words but full of meaning to Sister Finan, who received it one day last week. We immediately begged God to spare her to the work of the missions. A second cable sent on March 14th brought the news "Sister Electa dead." God, who had been her one desire for years, had called her to Himself to reward her for the years spent in the mission field of Hunan, China.

Sister Electa was born in Jersey City, New Jersey and educated in All Saint's school there. She entered the Sisters of Charity in March, 1913. After her novitiate training she was sent to Saint Aloysius School, Newark, N. J.

In 1924, when our beloved Mother Alexandrine asked for Sisters to offer their services to the mission soon to be opened in Hunan, China, Sister Electa at once asked to be sent. She was one of the five chosen to work in our first mission in a foreign country.

As soon as she arrived in China she began the study of the language. In a very short time she was able to say her prayers in Chinese and to carry on conversations with the people. Sister Electa realized that to be a good missionary she must master the language. She at once started to study the written characters. In a very short time she was able to write several hundred words from memory.

When the first Catholic girls' school was opened in Yüanling, Sister Electa and Sister Devota were put in charge of it. As soon as school was over Sister Electa started to visit the homes of the sick and the poor. Besides the necessary medicine, she always carried some fruit or bread to give to the poor. Soon it became the custom to look in Sister Electa's basket for any extra fruit that we might have saved.

In 1927 the school was closed and the Sisters forced to leave the mission for a short time. While in Shanghai she visited the poor in the hospitals and also in the jails. Sister, during these trying days, spent extra time before the Blessed Sacrament praying for the Catholics who

might be in danger. After her return to Yüanling, she and Sister Patricia Rose opened the second mission in Wuki. Here they lived with a Chinese family and went into the surrounding villages getting the children banded together in classes for the sacraments.

After a year of this work they were forced to return to the central mission. Sister Electa was not very well and was recalled to the United States for a year. In 1933 she again left for the mission field, this time to die there. This, she very often said, was her one prayer. She was appointed Mistress of Novices, and had our late Sister Mary Joseph in the novi-

tiate. Because of the war the novitiate was closed. Sister Electa went to the dispensary, so that Sister Finan might give her time to the hospital. Here nearly five hundred patients were taken care of every day. Sister made all the prescriptions used in the work, since it was impossible to get the medicines in from the coast. This meant weighing every powder, which Sister did after the dispensary was closed for the day. One wonders how she was able to get the work done that she accomplished each day.

Three days a week she would steal a few minutes to get among the poor so that they would feel that we were still interested. After the bombings she would go at once to the hospital to carry in the wounded and stay until the last patient was taken care and made as comfortable as possible. Volumes could be written of the work that she did for the Lord. We are apt to judge in a human way and it seems that it will be hard to get another Sister of Charity who could do the work that she has done for the Chinese. She left her own country and people and loved China. The Chinese were her people and her one ambition was to see their race Catholic. We do not know the details of her illness but we presume that she was stricken while taking care of the sick. Yet the work of the Lord will go on and we know that Sister Electa will do much for the work in Heaven.

May we ask the readers of THE SIGN to pray for Sister and also for the Sisters of Charity that God will send many more laborers to carry on the work as Sister Electa did, who gave all, without counting the cost, to the Lord.

We feel more rooted than ever to the soil of China. The graves of those who have given their lives for Christ there are monuments to the zeal of our American Catholics. Others, of a younger generation, will imitate their example.

Surely the Lord who directed us to this field will see to it that we are supplied with other courageous souls.



Sister Mary Electa



Fr. Clement Seybold, C.P.

# Lest We Forget

By BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.



Fr. Godfrey Holbein, C.P.



Fr. Walter Coveyou, C.P.

IT WAS a valley of beauty and of loveliness. There the skies were more blue, there the hills were more green, there flowers ran riot with color and gay abandon. There mountain streams purled more softly and flowed crystal clear; there centuries ago picturesque villages with picturesque names sprang up through the rich bosom of eternal fertility; there generations were born and there those generations lived and died, and there they lie in the peaceful sleep of ages. It was a valley of loveliness and of beauty where the Creator had lingered a while and with an added touch had satisfied His own Divine taste.

Then one day it became a valley of death. Into it rode three valiant young missionaries of Christ. The bloom of youth was in their cheeks, the energy of youth in their limbs. Adventure filled their souls, but it was adventure that sought neither gold nor silver, fame nor glory, honor nor prestige. Their lives were hidden with Christ in God. How immeasurably sweet it had been to them to take their lives, with which they might have scaled the heights of earthly adulation, and to have made of them "an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odor of sweetness." With a generosity not of this world, they had taken their lives and, as with a precious ointment, they had broken and poured them out on Christ, "an odor of sweetness, an acceptable sacrifice, pleasing to God." The day had come when they would be asked to mingle their lives with Christ in a supreme sacrifice of charity, a tribute to the reckless abandonment of love which characterized their youthful hearts.

The hot China sun had broken upon the world as it does only in the Celestial Kingdom, with blasting suddenness. Early it had warmed the night chills and drawn up into its invincible rays the deep wetness of the heavy dews. Its piercing light, searching out every nook and cranny, shone strongly down through the narrow defile which guarded the gateway to this valley of beauty and of loveliness. No mortal eye should see what God had reserved in that Eden of Hunan, until the full glory of its magic grandeur should burst unbidden upon the senses.

Three "Men of Christ" rode through that defile. Often had they greeted the morning sun, God's cheering smile upon the world, when the quest for souls found them cresting the heights as dawn was born out of the womb of night. Often had they ridden the whole long day and judged their distance by his course through the heavens, and felt the intimacy of his glowing breath. Often had they ridden into the splendor of his eventide, his flaming farewell to the hastening day, his joyous colorful salute to men, proud in his role of God's gentle benediction on the world of creation.

This day, the triumvirate of adventuresome missionaries had greeted the sun again. As they rode out to the rim of the valley they thrilled to the beauty of it all, and as they began

the gentle descent to the floor below, their hearts were light and music lay on their lips for the silent lute of nature was playing the melody of God on the iridescent strings of golden sunlight. Their shadows shortened as the sun mounted higher to his throne. But later lengthening shadows sought them in vain. In the full glory of their youth, in the full brightness of the noonday sun, in this valley of beauty and of loveliness, they had met Christ and had remained with Him.

Down into his western sleep, sadly perhaps, slowly sank the sun, drawing with him his evening garments of purple and red and gold. The shades of night crept down, sentinel stars took up their watches in the sky, the symphony of nocturnal life began its soft sonata. That night Father Godfrey, Father Clement, and Father Walter were with Christ in Paradise.

Men will die for earthly glory, for science, and for the love of a beautiful maid. And other men will sing their praises. Men will climb the highest of God's mountains, only to perish, broken and disfigured, at its foot. And their fellows will pronounce them heroes. Men will face a hail of shrapnel or the awesome fears of a battle in the skies, to bequeath to their sorrowing heirs a brace of medals, or the glory of a great name. Men will penetrate the deepest of jungles, wrestle with the most savage of beasts, flirt with the horrors of races uncivilized even to extents foolhardy and costly, yet other men will acclaim them with honors most great.

But men who die for Christ—they are accounted fools. Yet three fools for Christ rode into the valley of

death and found not only Christ but the imperishable glory of heaven. Three fools for Christ sought no earthly honors nor glory, yet they will live in the memories of mankind forever and a day. Men who die for men and the praises of men are soon forgotten by men. Those who die for God are immortal.

Youth that lives for God will cling all the more dearly to life so that other men might know Him. Men who live for God will face death that in their death God might be glorified. No creatures on God's beautiful green earth were more in love with life than were those three missionaries who sang into the face of the sun as they descended into the valley of death. Parents and families were dear to them; memories of their early years in their native land possessed fond places in their hearts; the hardships of life in strange land and among a strange people were not easy to bear; they had known danger and like brave men they had feared it.

They knew fear that day. For in riding down to the floor of the valley they rode into the hands of brigands. Life that had held out every joy to them in the service of God, now held out to them death in the cause of Christ. Yet was not that the greatest joy that could have come to them? Was not death for Christ the goal they had set themselves as every missionary of God does, trusting that daily one might become less unworthy of being among the chosen few?

Nature was horrified that day, and the sun glared down on the deed of violence. Creatures of God, yet

bound inexorably to follow the laws of their being, neither nature nor sun nor even the beasts of the fields could stay those murderous hands. But nature, made to glorify God in the silence of beauty, could silently witness that God was glorified in His priestly sons. When rude hands had torn the missionaries from their saddles and stripped them, when cruel hands had beaten and battered them, when murderous hands had shattered their bodies with death-dealing bullets, when cowardly hands had hidden the bleeding lifeless forms to cover their crime, it was nature that received them into her keeping and watched over them until sorrowing brethren took them off in triumph to bury them.

**I**N THE mission cemetery at Yüanling three mounds possess the place of honor. Around those mounds are others, each containing the crumbling remains of a priest or Sister whose life was spent amid hardship, pestilence and danger, and who was found ready to die in the line of duty, as did these favored three. Those three mounds, with flowers blooming on their grassy crests and the moss slowly cementing the rough stone sides, are monuments that mark a day great in the annals of the Passionists, and in the annals of the Catholic Church in America.

Today the missionaries from America are encircling the globe with their apostolic endeavors. To them in great measure has fallen the tremendous task of bringing the knowledge of Christ and His Church to those who still remain in the sha-

dow of paganism. They have been proved but not found wanting. They have been found not only worthy but also capable of carrying on the superb traditions of the Catholic foreign missionary, successors to that grand army which has given the Church a St. Paul, a St. Patrick, a St. Boniface, a St. Cyril and a St. Methodius, a St. Francis Xavier, a St. Isaac Jogues and a host of other strong men of God.

The Passionist Missionaries humbly appreciate the signal honor of being permitted by God to have had among them the first American priests to give up their lives in a violent shedding of blood for the cause of Christ and the Chinese Missions. All Catholic America honored them with us. And we could rejoice with the splendid Maryknoll Missionaries as we joined them—in spirit—in far-off China as they acclaimed the heroism of the martyred Father Donavan. Just as today we mingle our *Te Deums* with those of the Jesuit Fathers, while they honor the memory of the saintly Father Simons.

A decade and more has passed since the three young missionaries rode into that valley and met Christ. It was fitting that Christ should have waited for them there, that He should have chosen that spot of beauty and loveliness for the rendezvous, a setting so akin to the beauty and loveliness of their priestly young lives. The fragrance of their lives had been "the good odor of Christ, making manifest the fragrance of the knowledge of Christ in every place."







Talbot photo  
Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook, talk things over in the John Golden production "Claudia"

"THERE are no bad boys," said Father Flanagan of Boys Town, one of America's most heroic figures, and from that simple truism has developed an important constructive force in an otherwise destructive era. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rates a vote of thanks for the considerable service they have done for the cause of Boys Town, by their splendid picturizations of the community.

In *MEN OF BOYS TOWN*, the second film written around the regeneration of homeless and straying boys, Father Flanagan crusades against reformatories, those prisons for youths which often recidivate instead of rehabilitate. In his fight he is aided by an ex-citizen of Boys Town who has carried with him into the world the lessons and truths and character instilled in him during his stay in the self-governing town.

Once again Spencer Tracy rises to important heights of thespian achievement by a simple, sincere, and forceful delineation of the noted priest. Mickey Rooney, shorn of the artifices and characteristics of the *Andy Hardy* roles, is excellent and completely convincing. Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn, and Darryl Hickman demonstrate their youthful talent as inhabitants of Boys Town, and Mary Nash, Henry O'Neill and Lee Cobb lend adult support in a film which can be recommended for all audiences. It is a cinematic accomplishment of exceptional merit and a worthwhile contribution to the year's screen entertainment.

On the list of fictional characters developed during the recent series cycle, the kindly Dr. Christian portrayed by Jean Hersholt, has attracted a large following in the smaller theaters. In the former films of the group, medical and sanitary reforms were the plot aims, but now, in the most ambitious of the series, *MELODY FOR THREE*, the scope of the doctor's activities is broadened to include human relations. Psychology and understanding are the instruments used in reuniting the divorced parents of a talented young child. Hersholt extracts all the possibilities from the situation in his

# Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

performance and he is given staunch assistance by Fay Wray, Walter Woolf King, and young Schuyler Standish. Pleasing in an unspectacular manner, it provides suitable film fare for general audiences. (RKO)

Never was the complete lack of dramatic value in the sordid tale of *TOBACCO ROAD* more evident than in its present impotent screen form. The conditions existing in Georgia's back country, and the depravity which plays such an important part in the lives of the inhabitants, would seem to call for a sincere attempt on the part of writers, adapters, and director to help remedy the situation.

The extent to which they have labored is to substitute ridicule and slapstick for the smut, degeneracy, and perversion they were restricted from presenting on the screen. The challenge to national complacency inherent in the situation calls for a forthright presentation and scathing denunciation. Erskine Caldwell and Jack Kirkland were more interested in the profits to be derived from the play than in any sociological problems which might be lurking somewhere in the maze of repulsive speech and action. The screen adapters have unfortunately followed closely in their steps, hoping to capitalize on the infamous reputation of the play. Of necessity, the greatest portion of the objectionable material has been eliminated, but there is a sufficient quantity of suggestiveness present to make the film repellent to any audience group. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

The music camp at Interlochen, where boys and girls develop their musical ability and appreciation during the summer months, serves as the background for a brightly conceived, amusing story called, *THE HARD BOILED CANARY*. Susanna Foster, an amazing young singer who was seen and heard in last season's film biography of Victor Herbert, is starred as a girl who is rehabilitated through a love for music. She is a delight to eye and ear and should find a secure niche on the screen as a result of her work in this film. Allan Jones assists handsomely in the vocal department and Margaret Lindsay and Lynne Overman are present to handle the minor plot contingencies. Three talented youngsters, Kaye Connor, Dolly Loehr, and a refugee

from Finland, Heimo Haitto, offer outstanding musical interludes which add greatly to the picture's entertainment value. (Paramount)

The success enjoyed by screen versions of other James Hilton novels will not be duplicated by the morbid dramatization of his *RAGE IN HEAVEN*. Primarily, the subject is not suitable for movie purposes and has gained little through the treatment of Director Van Dyke and the stock company overacting of Robert Montgomery. The theme of hereditary dementia is presented with a wealthy young Englishman serving as the exhibit. He fears and avoids responsibility, devoting much of his time to acts of psychopathic cruelty, climaxed by suicide. Ingrid Bergman salvages sufficient footage to provide the film's only bright spots. Lucile Watson, Philip Merivale and George Sanders are names which should augur well for the plausibility and entertainment value of any film, but they are handicapped by story defects. (MGM)

Harold Lloyd has transferred his undeniable flair for comedy from acting to producing, and the result is a fast-moving affair called, *A GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB*. The film emphasizes a point almost forgotten in many current comedies. Pantomime and slapstick predominate in the action, which concerns the rivalry of a business man and a sailor for the affections of a secretary. Less than sensational, it will attract the legion of Lloyd admirers and those who prefer hilarity to subtlety in their movie humor. George Murphy again demonstrates his superior ability as a comedian and Edmond O'Brien and Lucille Ball round out the cast with excellent performances.

The aura of glamour long associated with the name of Ziegfeld evidently continues to fascinate those responsible for providing entertainment. *ZIEGFELD GIRL* follows the tradition of many back-stage stories, and is familiar to the point of boredom. Exacting audiences will find little in the spectacle and riotous display, aside from the spirited performance and singing of Judy Garland who is rapidly becoming a screen indispensable. The presence in the cast of James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Jackie Cooper, and many other top-flight names attests to the extravagance of the production. Gaudy and at times maudlin, it never quite achieves the importance its accouterments would seem to guarantee. (MGM)

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope are far more successful in their journey down the *ROAD TO ZANZIBAR*, than in their previous trek to Singapore. Their burden has been lightened by the absence of objectionable dialogue and situations which dotted the previous vehicle.

Those who admire the antics of Hope and the languid Crosby personality will enjoy the many laugh



Top to bottom: Brian Donlevy and William Holden in Paramount's *"I Wanted Wings"*, produced in collaboration with the U. S. Army Air Corps. Constance Moore and Ray Milland in the same picture. Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan, and Mickey Rooney as the juvenile mayor in *"Men of Boys Town."* Mickey Rooney takes a brotherly interest in young Bobs Watson in MGM's sequel to *"Boys Town"*

moments the film affords. Dorothy Lamour is also present, but has yet to reveal any signs of even an embryonic acting ability. Adult fare of the lightweight variety, it amuses without any pretensions to superiority. (Paramount)

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**I WANTED WINGS** has been produced in collaboration with the Army Air Corps and comes as close to being an official production as present Army rules will allow. Spectacular, colorful, and thrilling it encompasses in its scope the training and development of flying cadets in an Army Air School.

Randolph Field near San Antonio was the scene of the filming and provides an absorbing background for the camera. There is a strong story thread, but it is the saga of the creation of the strongest arm of national defense which attracts the greatest amount of attention. In the hysteria of the present hour, certain influential groups have managed to manipulate facts with the deplorable result that it has become increasingly difficult to differentiate between propaganda and patriotism. The line of demarcation is so fine that it is a clever observer who can call the numbers with accuracy.

We believe that **I WANTED WINGS** should be placed in the category of sincere patriotic effort to bolster the defense program. If Hollywood is as successful in eliminating propaganda from all future patriotic themes, audiences will have little reason for apprehension.

Ray Milland, Brian Donlevy, William Holden, Constance Moore, and a rather flamboyant newcomer, Veronica Lake, are all excellent as the puppets involved, but audiences will remember the visual presentation of the drama of defense long after they have forgotten the group's excellent portrayals. (Paramount)

Before long, movie-goers will have the opportunity of passing judgment on a screen version of the new Broadway comedy, **OUT OF THE FRYING PAN**. As a play it offers nothing more substantial than the contributions of countless others making brief stop-overs on the lucrative trip from author's den to motion picture reel.

A first effort for author Francis Swann, it is a rather archaic tale built around the efforts of six struggling young thespians to secure recognition. Many of the situations and most of the lines are genuinely comic though the general effect might have been heightened by the use of a detergent in a few scenes.

If the script is static, at least the performances of the unknowns appearing in the play are worth cheering about. Florence MacMichael, revealing an unusual sense of comedy and timing, seems inevitably destined for Hollywood, the mecca of all aspiring young players. Alfred Drake, Barbara Bel Geddes and Mabel Paige lift the script above the limitations of spotty direction and uncertain writing. Amusing fare designed for audiences appreciative of featherweight dramatic endeavor.

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**THE TALLEY METHOD** sets out to solve several of the most pressing problems of the day, but despite S. N. Behrman's urbane dialogue and clever characterization, it fails in its aim. Dr. Talley, at the top of his profession, admired by colleagues and loved by his

patients, is an unattractive stranger to his two grown children. The daughter is a defiant young malcontent who revels in the egotistical atmosphere of the Youth Congress while imagining herself in love with a refugee twice her age. Her brother is a dissatisfied, disillusioned boy who prefers the society of a night club dancer to the demands of medical school. Into this conflict the doctor brings his fiancée, a poetess, who attempts to act as arbiter in the strained relations existing in the family.

The author passes lightly over the theory that a lack of spiritual training is at the base of the young people's problem. Denial of the existence of right and wrong is a weak foundation for the individual, and sooner or later the lure of Marxian or naturalistic philosophy is bound to be victorious. There is need for a strong play to place the finger of blame and the badge of shame on those responsible for fostering a generation almost completely lacking in strength of character and moral fiber. But unfortunately, this is not a play of sufficient depth and profound thought to be of value in solving a problem which calls for fiery appeal and anger and impatience. Platitudes and a quill sharpened to the drawing room manner are not satisfactory substitutes.

Ina Claire is ill at ease and unconvincing as the poetess and Philip Merivale, Dean Hagers, Claire Neisen, and Lida Kane recite lines in which they too obviously do not believe.

\* \* \*

The always effective combination of sparkling dialogue and a simple understanding of human emotions and frailties results in a most entertaining dramatization of Rosé Franken's popular **CLAUDIA** stories.

Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the plot, unburdened by incredulous coincidence or numerous complications that makes the play a sure-fire hit. Probably the very fine play acting of Dorothy McGuire in the title role is responsible. Or the splendid performance of veteran actress, Frances Starr, as a mother adapting herself to a new situation after the marriage of her only child. There is also a thoroughly believable portrait of a young husband by Donald Cook.

Miss Franken has taken the story of the development of a bride and the transformation from girl to woman, and has written a play around it with a deftness and knowledge of the theater's demands that is extremely heartening amid the welter of recent inanities.

In addition, the direction of John Golden is sympathetic and sure, helping out on one or two minor rough spots. However, it is the appearance of a bright new star on the horizon which will attract the attention of most playgoers. Miss McGuire has been seen in brief parts before, but in this, her first role of importance, she exhibits a talent that will undoubtedly carry her to the heights of theatrical success. She is called upon for an interpretation varying from a heedless, irresponsible young bride to a mature woman, who, on the day she learns she is to have a child, is also faced with the news that her mother is to die shortly. It is a difficult assignment, and it is to her eternal credit that she exhibits little trace of inexperience in carrying the burden. *Claudia* proves to be one of those pleasant surprises that often appear unheralded, restoring the faith of many in the future of the drama.



# CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE  
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH  
THE EYES OF OTHERS

## A Funeral Without Mourning

• AN AMUSING TALE of occupied Paris is told in a collection of letters from France published under the title, "All Gaul Is Divided":

A private bank, Léon et Ses Fils, notwithstanding warnings from the fisc, hoarded gold. The inrush of the Germans caught the bankers unaware, their big stock of ingots still in the subcellar. Messrs. Léon sat tight, playing possum, for a month, then consulted an undertaking establishment. They hired a motor hearse, five carriages for mourners, and arranged for an interment at Melun, twenty miles south of the city. Upon the exterior of the hearse, in the French manner, were suspended wreaths with broad streamers: "On Behalf of the Tenants." "To Our Dear Aunt." "Homage From the Union of Porters." "To Our Dearly Beloved Mother-in-law."

Tooting muffled sirens, the cortege wended its way through the city. Both Frenchmen and Germans are extremely sympathetic with families in grief. At the exterior gate of the city the German guard stood at respectful salute. The roads through the suburbs were dense with refugee traffic, but drivers uncovered and pulled to the side, giving the funeral right of way. On the outskirts of Melun twelve men—employees of the bank—alighted from the mourners' carriage, transferred the coffin to a truck, which roared off toward the free zone. It required twelve men, because the coffin weighed better than a ton.

## Return of the Indian

• THE INDIANS are by no means vanishing from the scene, according to Al Laughrey, writing in "Columbia":

Some political wiseacre once said something to the effect that we should "give Maine and Vermont back to the Indians." It is axiomatic that many a truth is spoken in jest, and it looks as though the political jokester's remark was generously sprinkled with truth. Not that any move is going to be made to return those two specific states to the Indian. But if the American Indian continues to increase in number, it will be necessary for the Great White Father to return millions of acres of land to a race that is rapidly expanding.

It has long been a popular misconception that the American Indian is dying out. The general public has entertained a sort of hazy idea that within a few decades the Indian will be nothing more than a romantic memory, with a few of his flint arrowheads and bright feathers preserved for posterity in museums.

How thoroughly erroneous this popular belief is can best be understood by a look at recent Indian population figures, compiled by the United States Office of

Indian Affairs and the Bureau of Census. For instance: the American Indian has increased 24 per cent since 1900. The American Indian is expanding noticeably faster than is the general population of the United States. The American Indian is the fastest growing single racial group in the nation.

In specific census figures, there are today about 352,000 Indians scattered over the country, in some 200 tribes or bands. Forty years ago they numbered only 270,000. These figures do not include 30,000 Aleuts, Indians and Eskimos who make up 50 per cent of the population of Alaska. The Indian is expanding at the rate of about one per cent per year, while the general population's increase is only about seven-tenths of one per cent. . . .

The Indian admittedly cannot cope with the shrewd commercial sharpers of the present day. If he were allowed free rein in unsupervised commercial dealings, in no time at all the Red Man would be left holding the proverbial sack, and little more.

There is a tale they tell around the Indian Agencies of Oklahoma to show that the Indian does not yet possess quite enough business acumen to deal with his white brothers. At the time of the first Oklahoma oil boom, the tale goes, a certain Chief owned some valuable oil property. He was approached by an oil representative from the city.

The oil representative put forward a plan whereby his firm would lease the oil lands and give the Chief one-fifth of all profit derived therefrom. The Chief said he would talk it over with his squaw and let the oil man know next day what his decision was.

The following day the oil representative met the Chief and asked him what he and his wife had decided. Said the Chief:

"Nope. One-fifth profits ain't enough for me'n squaw. Gotta have one-tenth."

## Some of Japan's Difficulties

• SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES experienced by the Japanese in conquering the Chinese are described by James R. Young in an address printed in a recent issue of "Vital Speeches":

Time and again the Japanese Army has had communiqués issued in which they say, and we will call him General Wahoo, "General Wahoo has seen the light of day, the new order in Asia, the pacification, and the sincere desire of the Japanese Army to be friends of the people of China (by the use of bayonets, bombs, and machine guns), and he and his 60,000 troops have joined the Japanese Pacification Corps." I do not know how many of those have been organized. The Japanese get the General; they completely equip his men, clothe,

feed, and train them. You see a communiqué every once in awhile that General Wahoo and his division have gone out to round up some remnants of the bandit groups. It was a severe three-day, hand-to-hand battle in which General Wahoo lost 500 men. He returns to his base, where the Japanese refresh his men. They go out for another foray, and this goes on for a few weeks. Then we get a communiqué from the Imperial Command in Shanghai, handed us by our friend, Colonel Saito (who was born in Honolulu, and who is one of the few Japanese with a sense of humor). He will even laugh when he hands it to us (in private), and the statement will read somewhat to this effect, "The Japanese Army Command announces with regret that General Wahoo and his 60,000 men have deserted." They have completely equipped these Chinese with overcoats, watches, binoculars, arms and ammunition, and all the other supplies, and then they join bandits. That is why it has taken three years and a half to try to overcome the Chinese, but with no success . . .

They tell a man that he is the mayor, and that his salary is 1,000 Chinese dollars a month. If anything happens to molest the peace of his town he will be killed, and his family with him. In a few weeks you hear he has been kidnapped by bandits. The Japanese have to send out ransom money to get the mayor back. The chances are the mayor has half the ransom in his pocket. From Peking to Canton you will find this situation. It is all bribery and corruption and squeeze. You ask a Chinese why he is working on a Japanese newspaper. He will reply, "Jobs are scarce under my own government. I can work for the Japanese and they pay me two or three times more. I can work for them and half of my money can go to my home government. Otherwise, I could not help out Chungking." Whether it is a cabinet minister or a newspaper reporter, that is the situation.

### Camouflage

• CAMOUFLAGE is one of the best defenses against air attack. Both British and Germans have made great advances in its use. From *"The Fight for Air Mastery"* by Frederic Sondern, Jr., in *"Current History"*:

Whole cities, of course, cannot be hidden from the bomber. But in a desperate effort to save vital factories, often scattered over suburbs and rural areas, the British have made an exhaustive study of anti-bombing camouflage.

During the first World War, "flash-painting" was used. Jagged, multi-colored lines of paint confused the observer by distorting the contours of the objective—on the principle of the zebra's stripes and the antelope's markings. Camouflage engineers have found, however, that blending is more effective against aerial marksmen. Roofs of vital buildings are painted the same color as the surrounding grass, stone, or gorse, and further disguised with bushes and boulders. Side walls are covered with trellises and artificial vines. So weird is the conglomeration of exotic growths on and around the great Woolwich Arsenal that the workmen call it "the bloody greenhouse."

Military trucks, so often an easy target for low-flying, "strafing" planes, are now so equipped that they can be made, as one cockney put it, "into a blinkin' movin'

forest." Netting over the tops and sides holds green leafy branches, and small bushes can be attached to the wheels. When a truck column so disguised drives off the road into a border of trees or into the underbrush, it vanishes from the aerial observers' sight as though by magic.

Both the British and the Germans take their blackouts seriously. And with good reason. Experiments have shown that a lighted match can be seen by a plane half a mile away. An oil lantern is clearly visible from a mile and a quarter, a lighted window from twelve miles.

But some things cannot be blacked out. Steel mills cannot completely cover the glare of their furnaces and converters. Docks and railroad yards always show a little light. Worst of all is the unextinguishable glow of rivers. Even on the darkest night a strip of water shows up clearly. The Thames, with its characteristic windings, is an infallible pointer for the German Luftwaffe on its way to London.

### Napoleon and Hitler

• ALTHOUGH THE FRENCH have been conquered, they still retain the liberty of telling stories, as is evidenced by the following from the *"New York Times"*:

The dialogue at the Invalides between Adolf Hitler and Napoleon invented by the Parisian of the winter of 1940-41.

"What do you say about my campaign in Poland?" demanded Hitler of the illustrious warrior.

"It was planned badly," Napoleon answered from the bottom of his tomb.

"What do you say about my campaign in Belgium and Holland?"

"I allow that you have given proof of pretty good military strategy."

"And my campaign in France?"

"Of course, you are victorious."

"And my bombing of London and my preparations for the invasion of England?"

Napoleon doesn't answer.

"You have nothing to say?"

Silence.

"Answer, I pray you."

Silence; then a stirring is heard in the tomb.

"What's going on?" exclaims Hitler in distress.

The cavernous voice replies:

"I am making a place for you beside me."

### Fortunate Mistakes

• DISCOVERIES are often the result of mistakes rather than the fruit of genius, according to *"The Kablegram"*:

Eighty years ago a restless American named Thomas Adams vainly tried to make a new setting for artificial teeth from a chunk of chicle gum. He accidentally bit off a piece and found it pleasant to chew. Chewing gum was born! Whether that may properly be termed progress is, of course, debatable.

In 1839, though, Charles Goodyear accidentally dropped on a hot stove some sulphur mixed with india-rubber. It fused—and vulcanization was discovered.

Entrusted by the ruler of Syracuse with the task of

finding out whether the goldsmith had used all the gold delivered to him for making a crown, Archimedes pondered at length. One Saturday night he noticed how his body made the water rise, and then to him came the two principles—that a body displaces a quantity of water equal to its own bulk, and that the loss in weight of the body immersed in water equals the weight of the water displaced. Excited by his discovery, the absent-minded philosopher leaped from his bath and ran through the streets shouting: "Eureka! (I have found it!)"

During World War I, with supplies from Germany cut off, American scientists were trying to find a means of making dyes fast, especially in denim, the material from which overalls are made. One experimenter accidentally broke his thermometer in a vat, the mercury went into the solution—and there was the fixative.

And so it goes, including the apple that may or may not have conked Newton, and Dr. William Beaumont and Alexis St. Martin, Canadian trapper whose gunshot wound in the stomach would not heal. By inserting a tube in the wound, he could observe the stomach; discovered digestive juices and hydrochloric acid.

## Crashing the Dictionary

• PEOPLE often wonder how words get into the dictionary. Information on the subject is given by Everett E. Thompson in "Youth Today":

The English language is alive and growing. In Noah Webster's classic two volumes of 1828, for instance, definitions of 70,000 terms were given. A recent Merriam-Webster volume—Webster's *New International Dictionary*, Second Edition—has 605,000 entries.

Dictionaries don't just happen. And the question of collecting new material between editions is an important one. The company's editorial force has the experience of 100 years of labor on earlier editions to fall back upon, to say nothing of its accumulated files of citation slips now reaching a total of more than 2,000,000.

Trained readers gather new citations from published material of every description—fiction, historical and scientific books, reports and government bulletins, technical and literary periodicals, house organs, law codes, tariff lists, merchandise catalogues, newspapers from all English-speaking countries—with an eye watchful both for new words and for new meanings of old words, for variant spellings, for differences in the compounding of words, for abbreviations. . .

One of the most difficult problems confronting the lexicographer is: what and how much slang should be recognized? Such questions are answered, as far as possible, by the evidence of usage—a matter that frequently is difficult to determine. People hear slang terms and wish to know their meanings; consulting a dictionary doesn't always help. If we leave out those terms or phrases that succeed in remaining in the favor of the public, we are criticized for omissions. If we put in a lot that die before the new edition can appear on the market, we also lose the public's esteem. If we tried to put them all in, there wouldn't be room for many of the genuine new words.

What answer could the publishers have made to that dissatisfied purchaser of a dictionary who, many years ago, actually returned his purchase because he didn't

find *hot dog* defined in it? The omission was the result neither of accident nor of prejudice against the lowly frankfurter. It was the consequence of the requirements of good lexicography.

The number of slang words and phrases is so great and the life and usage of the great majority of them is so limited that only those that find a permanent place in the language of a significant portion of the English-speaking population can be included in a general dictionary. As long as *hot dog* had not yet fully established itself in the language, it had to be omitted from the dictionaries of the language.

## Whose Secretary?

• THE FOLLOWING LIST of the secretarial personnel of the Department of Commerce was contributed to the "Congressional Record" by Senator Rush D. Holt:

Here are the official titles, as listed in the Budget, of the secretaries in the office of the Secretary of Commerce: the Secretary; the Under Secretary; three Assistant Secretaries; the administrative assistant; secretary to the administrative assistant; seven assistants to the Secretary; secretary to the Secretary; confidential assistant to the Secretary; secretary to the Under Secretary; secretary to the Assistant Secretary; secretary to the assistant to the Secretary; confidential assistant to the Assistant Secretary; four special assistants to the Secretary.

## Making a Job for Oneself

• ORIGINALITY and energy in making a job for oneself are manifested in the following incident recounted by James F. Scheer in "Light":

This story told by a visitor to Hollywood exemplifies the originality and imagination of an unemployed young fellow who found a way to work:

"While driving down Wilshire Boulevard one night, I noticed that one of my headlights was blinking. It went out finally. But I was in a hurry and kept going. Suddenly I heard a siren. A motorcycle pulled up beside me. 'It's a policeman,' I thought at first, and pulled over to the curbing.

"A fellow in a white jacket parked his cycle and walked over to me.

"'One of your headlights is out,' he said. 'Police are very strict about cars without proper lights. I have some bulbs here at a reasonable price.'

"It was a relief to know I wasn't being arrested. So I gladly paid him for the bulb and the installation. I asked him how he had ever thought of his unique way of making a living.

"'A man has to use his head when he is unemployed and can't even buy a job. I'm making my living again,' he explained."

Today there is a growing tendency on the part of unemployed men and women to create their own jobs. With little or no capital, they originate services that others desire and don't have. This way of tailor-making one's own job gives double rewards. It takes a person off relief rolls or dependency upon relatives or friends, and it offers an opportunity to those who have always wanted to be their own boss.



# Bloom On the Orchard



## Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATOR:  
PAUL A. GROUT

WHAT if his ears did stick out? Davy Martin asked himself. What of it if his freckled face was fire red? What difference if his rusty hair stood up or not?

Defiantly he took his hand from over the darn in his knicker knee where he had placed it with painful casualness some time before. If he wore mended clothes it was nobody's business. He probably did look like something gotten up by a cartoonist, but chances were the girl had scarcely noticed him. As if, his thoughts ran, she'd ever give just an apple grower so much as a critical look. Why, likely, he didn't even exist for her!

He swallowed and drove his mind back to what Homer Comfort was saying. Hearing a man who had been so rich tell about becoming poor ordinarily would have held Davy breathless. When Comfort had acquired Spy Knob a decade before he had had millions, actually millions, and a house in Chicago and one in Florida and a third in Maine. Now he had only this roof and twenty acres of apples, and he was going to be forced to live under the one and on the other. Such a come-down made an astonishing tale, but the factor which made it difficult for Davy to keep his mind on financial calamity was that Sue Comfort would now be a neighbor! He swallowed again.

"So this winter I'll pester you a lot," Comfort said. "Can't hire a superintendent now; I'll have to learn to grow my own apples."

He grinned, but Davy's throat tightened in sudden sympathy.

Mr. Comfort, having talked sufficiently of himself, chuckled.

"So you stalled Scrimmins off?"

Davy twisted his head and managed a smile. The girl stirred and the movement, as if she were startled, made him go flushing again.

"Yeah. Put off the principal payment a year. If I'd had a break in weather I'd be sitting pretty. My young McIntosh trees were due to bear their first real crop but it rained all through the bloom. I'll have to scrape to get the interest together. You see, I talked Dad into mortgaging the place to start the new orchard, and I'd feel it wasn't quite square to his memory to let it slip out of my hands.

"But Scrimmins didn't like it, and if we aren't lucky next year it will be just too bad! An orchard certainly can get to mean a lot to a fellow!"

The prospect of actually helping Homer Comfort stimulated the boy. Comfort was one of the commonest, friendliest men. But his daughter was different. She had not been to Spy Knob often enough nor stayed long enough to assume the qualities and proportions of reality. They had a sort of nodding-and-blushing acquaintance—she nodding and Davy blushing—which he could not thoroughly analyze. She was so different from the girls he knew!

"Blah!" he ejaculated fiercely, mounting his own doorstep that evening. "She's got my number, all right. I'm just one of the working class for her, probably. . . . Yeah; working class. . . . Well, she can't be high hat and get along up here. Maybe she don't care about getting along, though. Probably not. Well, if she don't it's okay with me!"

Once in bed, however, he discovered that what might happen to Sue was not quite all right, and after a brief and broken sleep he faced a new dawn thoroughly disturbed. Knowing that the girl was a fixture upon Spy Knob oddly changed the whole atmosphere of his native neighborhood for him. He did not recognize the things he vaguely felt as fears because he had never actually feared anything, except losing his orchard, but he was uncomfortable and resented what

he considered the cause and cultivated for it a truculent indifference.

Still, with his upbringing, he could not withhold neighborliness. His mother would have deemed it indecent not to have Homer Comfort in for a meal—and Davy could not ask him without including his daughter, could he? If Sue Comfort did not like his out-of-date house and the way Mrs. Harris prepared a meal, it was just too bad! Thus went his self debate. . . .

And yet he was impelled to downright rudeness when, arrived on his invitation, she walked into the living room and stopped and stared at the butterfly table. Maybe it was old-fashioned, he admitted, but his folks had brought it from Pennsylvania and had considered it a treasure. When he pulled the wing chair out for her she said she'd rather sit on the fireplace bench.

"I can look at the chair, then," she explained. "Lovely, isn't it?"

What actress was it who had a voice like that, he asked himself, while speculation as to whether she were patronizing tingled through him. Between the two he stood dumb and let her look at him with plainly personal curiosity until he had the jitters.

After dinner Sue sat in the wing chair. The mellow brocade did things to her black hair and white skin and long, slim figure, and the combination did things to Davy's pulses. Doggedly, though, he kept his eyes on her father. That made it possible to keep at least a part of his mind on what was being said. But another portion of it kept speculating on what she might say if he finally did ask the question he had been framing and reframing ever since she came in.

Maybe she'd be snooty, he thought, as he related for her father the life history of the coddling moth. Maybe. But for Comfort's sake he'd ask her. Four times that evening he got all ready, but it was sort of like making up your mind to jump out of a barn window when you were a kid, and not until they were leaving did he get it out:

"Say," he began. "Say, would like to go to a Country Club dinner dance? About all there is to do, this neck of the woods."

She turned, smiling, to her father and Davy flushed. Joke, was it? Laughing at his offer to do what anybody'd do for any girl?

"I'd love it!" she said—and the way she said love made him gulp.

So he went upstairs and looked at his tux. Ordinarily, it would have served again without pressing, but not for this occasion. Not that he'd do anything special for her just because she was who she was, but she'd see enough to get ritzy about, and that wouldn't set well with her father. . . .

But she was not ritzy, and after the dance, in front of her house, she said:

"Davy, that was the nicest thing anybody has ever done for me!"

"Don't try to kid!" he growled, true to his inclination to see the worst, and went prickly because she was so still and a trick of the dash light made her look sort of hurt.

But she couldn't have been badly hurt and laugh as she did. It was a queer, tingling, intimate, teasing laugh.

"You're a darling!" she cried, and opened the car door.

Darling! "Sa-a-ay! Don't try to—"

"And I'm forever in your debt for saving my life!"

He just sat and gawped when he might have driven right away and not let her see how fussed he was.

That was how it began and how it went.

He found it increasingly difficult to be tough with her. She might be feigning happiness, but how her eyes sparkled! After a while it became easier to talk as he would to a girl he had known always and the things he had first felt kept creeping and sneaking closer to the surface.

"You're kind of a good sport," he said one night, as they sat together sipping hot chocolate. "After all the things you've been used to, you seem to get along with no more than the rest of us."

"Things aren't what you want."

"What *do* you want?" he asked.

"I mean, what is it girls want to make 'em happy?"



*Davy planted himself in her way, frowning, and saw things like curtains shifting and lifting in the depths of her eyes*

She stared thoughtfully at the glowing logs.

"Romance," she said. "Gallantry! Chivalry! What girls always have wanted, I suppose."

"I see," he commented hollowly, and knew he had to get out of there.

Romance. Gallantry. Chivalry. . . . He rolled over in bed. How the deuce would she find those in an apple country? How could *he* hope to—

He punched the pillow savagely and told himself to go to sleep. He couldn't. The old heart beat heavily. Romance. Gallantry. Chiv—

"Oh, what's the use!" he moaned. He sat up, shivering. "Me, mortgaged to the hilt! Why, even if I was in shape to think of marrying any girl I'd be a cluck to. . . ." He went limp with dismay at so nearly admitting what had ailed him for so long.

But if a boy in that sort of distress gets enough blanket into his mouth and shuts down hard enough he can stop even the most remote expressions of hope. And when such a one has finally convinced himself that his affections are being wasted, he can go back to his job and exclude everything else.

Davy pruned until his wiry muscles ached. He gave up all the recreations which had become freighted with such disturbing complications. When it was impossible to put off going any longer without being rude he would walk into the Comfort house and act as if he had never had anything on his mind except apples, completely excluding Sue from talk even about them!

So it went until Hugh Dexter came.

Dexter was up for a suit against the local storage plant. He and Sue

were birds of a feather, it seemed, because he had not been in town twenty-four hours before he was rushing her around, and he a married man! Davy knew that, because he had been introduced to Mrs. Dexter at a Chicago apple show. Well—dropping back on expectation of the worst—probably folks who thought so much of romance didn't worry a great deal about whether their boy friends were married or not, he reasoned.

He wished Comfort were at home, though. The day before Dexter came Davy had been called to Spy Knob and found him hurriedly packing.

"Got to go east," he said. "A bond matter. Maybe there's a chance to save a trifle. What orders should I leave for the boys?"

"Holy Smokel!" said Davy. "Right now?" The hazard he foresaw let him surmount his uneasiness at Sue's presence. "We're right up to the pink spray and you'll have nobody but ordinary hired help to depend on. Can't you put it off?" No, Comfort could not. "But your early apples'll need the pink application any day."

"See,"—hitching forward in his chair eagerly—"scab propagates itself by spores that winter in the ground on old leaves. They're in little sacks, eight to a cluster. It takes about the same heat and moisture to start active life in 'em

that it does to bring apple bloom to the pink. These sacks explode, the spores shoot out and light on twigs and buds and if you haven't sprayed ahead of 'em nothing can stop infection.

"There's no cure. You've got to prevent it. You've got to have the whole tree coated before those spores shoot. And if it should start to rain between the time the buds show pink and you get your application on, it's just bad news. Scab spores certainly strut their stuff when it's raining!"

"I see," said Comfort. "And you wouldn't trust the boys?"

"Nobody can do such jobs as well as the fellow who's got it to win or lose, and with the big set of buds we've got we're bound to make a killing if we watch our step."

He drew a breath and flicked a glance at Sue. She was watching him queerly. A great temptation to look at her other than aloofly assailed him, but he managed to keep his voice, anyhow, on apples and when, after her father had gone, reassured by Davy's offer to look after the spraying at Spy Knob himself, she came to him wanting to know—lightly in manner, but still wanting to know what was wrong, he was master of appearances at least.

"Wrong? Nothing I know of! It's spring; that's all. And there's plenty

*He just sat and gawped when he might have driven away and not let her see how fussed he was*





for an apple grower to do that he's got interest in!"

She seemed to get the idea because her chin went up and she said not to let his complexes get him down. He was ashamed of himself for putting it the way he had, and could find little justification in the argument that self-preservation comes first. Then Dexter arrived and gave him something else to think about.

Dexter and Sue danced at the hotel in town together; they went off for dinner the next night and the blue coupe stood in the Comfort drive until after twelve.

Davy found that he could not let it go on without a word, especially when he bumped smack into her. He was putting Comfort's pink spray on first because his own McIntosh, the earliest of his varieties to need it, were on the other slope and always a few days later in development. So he was just finished at Spy Knob, overalls smeared with dun spray residue, when she came out of the house.

Sue saw him, hesitated, and then came on with a curt nod.

Davy planted himself in her way, frowning, and saw things like curtains shifting and lifting in the depths of her eyes.

"I've got something to say to you!" he began.

"Why, Davy! How exciting!" (How cold her voice could be!)

"It's this: you better check up on your playmate!"

That hurt; he could see it hurt.

"Meaning just what?"

"That this Dexter. . . ." He stopped. He could not get the words out. Words would not come from so dry a throat, and Sue asked furiously:

"Are you jealous, darling?"

"Jealous!" he exclaimed. "Where'd you get that stuff? What'd I be jealous over? I'm just warning you for your own good—your father's good, rather. What you do means nothing to me." He had to say that; just *had* to down the tremendous things rising within, the urge to plead, to loose all that his heart held, though none of it could ever mean a thing to a girl like this.

Her breath quickened and tears seemed imminent, but she managed a chilly smile and said stoutly, if none too steadily:

"Were I you, darling, I'd toddle

back to my apples!" and walked on humming; a bit unnaturally, true, but still humming.

Mrs. Harris kept Davy's house; her husband was his hired man and at noon she said: "I hear Dexter won his law suit."

The radio, however, with State College on the air, was blaring.

"Growers in the western section whose orchards are in the pink are urged to make haste. Indications are for rain tonight. . . ."

"Oh, yes," said Harris. "This sun sure has popped the Macs. They're all in the pink now."

Davy, relieved as apprehension replaced misery, cried:

"JIMINY Fishhooks! Thought it'd be two days yet, anyhow! The agitator out of the sprayrig's still at the welding shop. I'll run in after it. You get the rig ready. We'll dose 'em this afternoon."

It was lucky, feeling this way, he had important work to do.

But suddenly Mrs. Harris asked: "Where'd Miss Comfort go?"

"Go? Gone? Where?"

"Why, Mill,"—the Comfort maid-of-all-work—"was visiting on the phone. She said she packed in a fluster and went away somewhere."

Davy drove into town sort of numb. The sun was hazing over; he was only in the nick of time, perhaps, with his spraying. And Sue gone off in a fluster. Things snarled in his mind but straightened out with a *zing-g-g* when he saw that blue coupe pulling away from the hotel. Two people in it: Dexter, of course, but he could not see the other.

He went to the welding shop with wonder eating him. He was well on his way home before it ate far enough to turn him back.

The hotel clerk said: "Mr. Dexter has checked out."

"For good?"

"Yes; on his way to Chicago."

Not even time to telephone dumb old Harris, who would do what he was told and no more. He'd been told to wait and he would wait; he would not rustle help, not even borrow Comfort's spray rig, now idle. He'd just wait and Davy had no seconds to order otherwise because that coupe had speed a-plenty and his flivver could only squeeze out sixty.

He squeezed it dry. He drove with

throttle wide and strained forward as if posture would help. She'd looked sort of desperate the day her father left; this forenoon she had been defiant when he tried to warn her and she'd left home in a fluster and was going off with the glib married man she'd been flirting with!

He made seventy going down a hill but that blue car could do ninety and might, too, on such a trip. Time and distance reeled off. Get up a speech, he urged himself; plan what to say when you catch 'em. (He *would* catch them, somehow!) the sun was gone; the sky looked dripping wet and scab spores. . . . Never mind apples, now! He growled. How could she do such a thing? And he had to decide how to put it up to them. He couldn't just stammer and make a monkey of himself!

But that, after all, was just what he did.

He came on Dexter's coupe at dusk. It was parked before a small town telephone exchange and his tires scuffed and squealed and he was out and staring at Sue's startled face and couldn't speak.

"Davy! What's the matter?" Her voice trembled.

"This bird," he began. "This Dexter . . . D' you know about him? D' you know. . . . that he's married?"

Her eyes went very large. "I should," she said. "I was a bridesmaid at his wedding. His wife is one of my best friends."

Davy sat down on the running board with a bump. "And I thought. . . . I chased. . . ."

"You thought. . . ." Her voice went thin. "I was running off with him?"

He extended a hand in a groping, agonized gesture of extenuation and a rain drop struck it.

"Jiminy Fishhooks," he cried. "Rain! And my McIntosh in the pink!"

He got to his feet, actually glad his crop was menaced. Ownership of his orchard might be in the balance but he had excuse for pretending to be interested in something besides this awful humiliation! He had made a monkey, a fool, a clown of himself! She was no loose woman; she was good, sweet and. . . . Oh, the shame of having suspected her, the ignominy of having put on this spectacle!

Sue got out of the car, asking in a queerly quiet voice:

"You haven't sprayed? You neglected it because you thought. . . ."

"And if they scab—which they will—it'll just be handing a present to Scrimmins on a silver platter, and it'll serve me right for trying to do something besides grow apples!" he said bitterly, and walked stiffly toward his own car, his world crumbling.

"Davy! Just a minute!" she tugged at a bag in the coupe. "Hugh's telephoning that we're coming. I'll have to tell him I'm going back."

"But what . . . but why . . . but if. . . ." Her slim legs flickered up the office steps and when she returned she would not listen to protest but shoved him in behind the wheel and got in herself.

For several miles neither spoke. Fine rain fell, a businesslike precipitation. He had risked his crop only to make a fool of himself, but Sue was not what he had feared she was. Still, if she *were* the kind that would skip off with a married man, this other thing gnawing at him would be easier to bear.

The wiper began to moan on the dry windshield.

"We're out of the rain," he said, just to say something.

"Maybe there's time yet!" she cried hopefully.

He stepped on it and the little car gave its capacity buzz.

"But the wind's behind; the rain'll follow us."

"Can you go any faster?"—swaying against him as they careened on a turn.

He thrilled at feeling her so close. She was good; he'd been such a ninny!

"How'd anybody spray in the dark, anyhow?" he demanded, because if he didn't say something like that he'd be telling her how he really felt.

"I don't know, Davy." Her tone was almost a moan.

"You got to see to do a job; half a job does no good." He switched on the lights and roadside grass sprang to vivid green and roadside trees rushed at them, clear-cut against darkness.

"Oh!"—putting her palms together.

"What?"

"You drive in the dark! Look at those trees! Davy, with headlights of a car following the spray rig wouldn't it be possible?"

He stared at her so long he had to yank the car away from the pavement edge.

"Holy Smoke! Might work." And after that he was so occupied hoping, fearing, making time that he talked not at all.

It was after eleven when the lights of town showed ahead.

"I'll have to stop and get somebody to drive this car. No rain yet and maybe Harris and I can put it over."

"Stopping will take time, Davy. It may rain any minute. I can drive."

He licked his lips and said "Yeah" and sort of laughed.

They whirled up to his house and he roused Harris. The agitator was bolted into place, water thundered into the tank of the spray rig, pungent-smelling fungicide was poured in and the engine started pumping up pressure.

"Keep behind us," he said to Sue, looking at the starless sky. "Just far enough back so's the lights cover the trees we're working on."

**T**HE snorting team dragged the rig between orchard rows. Under the car lights the multitude of blossom clusters ready to unfold were deep pink. Harris deployed on one side with spray gun and hose line; Davy took the other flank. They opened the valves and dense jets of fog hissed into the still air, so heavy with the threat of rain which would checkmate the promise of the abundant bloom.

The tank went on and they rushed to refill. . . . Two o'clock, and three tanks were spread and still no rain. Three o'clock, and five tanks were on. It did not rain until nearly four, and then it was no matter because Davy was coiling up his hose, the sprayer motor was silent and Harris was straightening his back with a relieved, "Whew!"

"Let her come, now," said Davy grimly. "Every millimeter's covered."

It took him a long time to get out of his overalls and wash up. Sue sat in the car and, with the excitement over, facing her was going to be an ordeal.

"Can't say anything but thanks," he said, joining her. But there were other things to say. Oh, yes! He had plenty to say! And the sooner the better. So he began doggedly, then and there.

"I'm just an apple grower. I don't know anything except apples. I . . . I did an awful thing, thinking what I did. You'll never understand it, but I . . . You see, I don't know anything about girls, among other things. I know, though, that a girl like you can't be happy here. There isn't anything of what you need here, romance and all that. I thought . . . I knew you were kind of desperate for those far-off things, and I was afraid you'd, now, started to do something you'd be sorry for and so . . . you see . . . I'm so, so sorry!"

After a moment she said:

"I do see. I was snooty this morning because—"

"And you'll always remember I thought you were kind of loose. And I think you're the finest, nicest—"

"It was because,"—loudly, insistently—"you said it meant nothing to you if I was interested in somebody else and that hurt, and I had to hide it, somehow. And to keep it hidden I felt that I had to get away and get hold of myself. Desperate, yes. But for far-off things? Next door isn't far off, Davy."

"What d' you mean?" Amazement made him gruff again. "What's here by way of gallantry and chivalry? Things like that!"

She drew a deep breath as if her patience were taxed.

"Davy, darling, even if there weren't. . . . There are other things: stability and earnestness and . . . and then, on top of them, for good measure, sometimes, it seems, gallantry and chivalry jump right out of, say, orchards at you!"

Again he tried to ask her meaning, but his voice husked unintelligibly. Sue drew another deep and impatient breath.

"When a girl appears to invite disaster,"—slowly and very painstakingly—"and when a boy risks all he has to stop it; and when he thinks he has nothing at all to gain by that. . . . Davy, darling, is it always going to be necessary to have someone lighting up things for you?"

"Holy Smoke!" he whispered. "Jiminy Fishhooks!"

The rain pattered lightly on the top of the little car and it was a lengthy interval before his arms had strength enough to fold her really close. . . .



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### **Therese Neumann Not Dead**

*Is Therese Neumann, the Bavarian stigmatist, dead? I wrote to her a few months ago, asking her to pray for my sick mother, but the letter was returned to me.—*  
BROCKTON, MASS.

Therese Neumann is not dead at the moment when this is written, though reports have been circulated that she had passed away. Due to the extraordinary number of people all over the world, who wish to see her and write to her, the authorities have, no doubt, placed restrictions on both visits and letters.

### **Rice Flour for Eucharist**

*Would bread made from rice be valid matter for the Holy Eucharist?—TORONTO, CANADA.*

The matter of the Holy Eucharist is bread and wine, to which a few drops of water are added. The bread must be of pure wheat and recently baked, and the wine must be made of the natural juice of the grape and uncorrupted. (Canons 814, 815.) Bread made from rice flour is not wheaten bread, hence it is not valid matter of the Holy Eucharist.

### **Saint Expedit**

*I am interested in knowing who Saint Expedit was, and if there are any special prayers or devotions to him. Is he known for anything in particular?—BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

Expedit or Expeditus is the name of a fictitious martyr, or at least of one whose existence is very doubtful, who, according to the Martyrology of Saint Jerome, suffered with Hermogenes and five companions at Milietene in Armenia. In the present Roman Martyrology an Expedit is commemorated on April 19. The Bollandist Delahaye shows that not even the name can be established with certainty; it is likely a copyist's error for Helpedi. Hermogenes and his companions are unknown in Armenia.

The veneration of Saint Expedit as "a sure expedient

in pressing and desperate affairs" originated about the year 1700. According to the revised and critical edition of Butler's *Lives of the Saints* (April 19), the suggested origin of this devotion is as follows: a packing case with a body from the catacombs was sent to a community of nuns in Paris. The date of its dispatch was indicated by the word, *spedito* (dispatched), which the nuns took to be the name of the martyr. They began with great zeal to propagate his cult. By a play upon words the name of the martyr became Expedit.

He is represented as a soldier; with one foot he crushes a raven croaking *cras* (tomorrow), while with his right hand he points to a sun dial or cross, which bears the inscription *hodie* (today). In our times the Holy See has taken measures against the extravagances of this cult.

### **Negro Popes?**

*Is it true that there were three popes who were of the Negro race?—EVANSVILLE, IND.*

Not to our knowledge. There were two popes (St. Victor 1, 189-99, A. D., and St. Melchior or Miltiades, 311-314, A. D.) who were natives of Africa; and a third, St. Gelasius (492-496, A. D.) was born in Rome but of African parents. All Africans, however, are not Negroes, any more than all Americans are Indians.

### **Catholics and Y. M. C. A.**

*Will you please give me some information as to the reason why Catholics cannot belong to the Y. M. C. A.?—METHUEN, MASS.*

The Young Men's Christian Association is a distinctly Protestant group, the chief work of which is religious. From the Catholic standpoint there are two main objections to the Y. M. C. A.:—(1) it promotes religious indifference among its Catholic members, and (2) membership in the Y. withdraws Catholic young men from the influence of their lawful pastors and distinctly Catholic organizations. The Holy See in November 1920, sent a circular letter to the bishops of



the Catholic Church, formally warning them against the Y. M. C. A., and urging them to use their utmost zeal in order to preserve Catholic youth from "the contagion spread abroad by these organizations, whose very benefactions, extended in Christ's Name, endanger the Christian's most priceless possession—the grace of Christ."

What has been said above applies also to the Young Women's Christian Association, as the same conditions exist in it.

All patriotic citizens acknowledge that there are subversive groups in this country, which attempt to undermine the democratic system by which the nation has grown great, and they understand the efforts of the government to stop their evil designs. Is it not more necessary to preserve the Catholic faith and to avoid groups that would endanger it?

### Education in Mexico

*Can you tell me whether or not the educational system of Mexico is still anti-God? I have heard contradictory stories about the matter from visitors to that country.*—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The most that can be said with any certainty is that, under the present administration of Avila Camacho, there is ground for hope that the system of education introduced in the former regimes will be modified in some degree. Camacho announced himself "a believer" during the presidential campaign, which was something startling for a professional politician in Mexico to do. But as long as the infamous Article III is still in the Constitution there is no certainty that the theory of "socialistic education" will be abandoned. There is much work to be done in Mexico before education and religion (that is the Catholic Church) will enjoy the freedom that democracies are supposed to sanction.

### Cain's Wife

*Adam and Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel. Cain went out to seek for himself a wife. Where was he to find a wife, if they were the first and only people on earth?*—BOSTON, MASS.

Cain and Abel were the first two children of Adam and Eve, but not the only offspring of the parents of the human race. The Book of Genesis mentions daughters among the children of Adam (Gen. 5:4). Cain's wife was his own sister. Such marriages were lawful in the beginning, as the human race could not be propagated otherwise. "As there were no human beings," says St. Augustine, "except those who had been born of Adam and Eve, men married their sisters, an act which was as certainly dictated by necessity in those ancient days, as afterward it was condemned by the prohibitions of religion."

### Reprisals

*Is it lawful in the light of Christian principles to make reprisals, in order to stop an unjust aggressor in war?*—BOSTON, MASS.

"Reprisals taken merely as an act of vengeance or on defenseless places or persons, in no way connected with war, are entirely unjustifiable. The plea of military

necessity is sometimes invoked. The term is used to condone appalling cruelty. Carried to its logical conclusion, it leads to the cold-blooded destruction of women and children, a measure that may be alleged to be the only means of reducing the civilian population to its senses." (*Moral and Pastoral Theology*, Davis, II, p. 150.)

### Saint Owen

*Is Owen a saint's name; if so, who was he and when is his feast day?*—SCRANTON, PA.

St. Owen (Ouini), a Celtic name meaning a lamb or a young warrior, was a monk at Litchfield in England, and a close friend of St. Chad, Bishop of Mercia. He died about 680, A. D., and his feast day is March 3.

There is another Saint Owen (Audeonus), also called Ouen, who was Archbishop of Rouen in France. His death occurred in 684, A. D., and his feast day is August 24 (*Lives of Saints*, Butler-Thurston, March and August.)

### Daphne

*Is Daphne a saint's name? It is used a great deal in Ireland, but I was told that it should not be given to a Catholic child.*—EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Daphne, a creature of Greek mythology, was a nymph who was changed into a laurel while fleeing from Apollo. Surprising to relate, however, Father Weidenhan includes the name in his *Baptismal Names*, p. 260. He says she was a Roman virgin and martyr, and her feast day is July 13. We cannot find any corroborative testimony for this statement. On the other hand, the pamphlet, *Saints' Names for Girls*, published by the Catholic Truth Society of London, says there is no saint with this pagan name. There is much obscurity about these things, and it is better not to be too dogmatic about them.

### "The Nazarene"

*Will you kindly tell me something about "The Nazarene," a novel based on the life of Christ by Sholem Asch? Is it permitted reading for Catholics?*—TEANECK, N. J.

The author is a Polish Jew who became a U. S. citizen in 1920. He says that he was drawn to the person of Christ as a great representative of the Jewish race. He wished to build a bridge between Judaism and Christianity by means of an interpretation of Jesus that would be acceptable to both Christian and Jewish people.

The result of his interpretation is that neither Jews nor Christians are satisfied. His evaluation makes Christ the glory of the Jewish race, but no more than a man. He does not explicitly deny the Godhead of Jesus and His Messiahship, but he does by conscious omission of all evidence in proof of both.

Mr. Asch professes to base his story on the four Gospels, but he ignores the essence of them and introduces fiction to bolster his preconceived ideas of Jesus' nature and character.

Though the fostering of good relations between Christians and Jews is commendable, they cannot be established on the sacrifice of most essential Christian

dogmas; in this case the deity of Christ and His office of Messiah. One does not like to impute bad motives to the author, but if he wished to undermine the faith of Christians in the Godhead of Christ, he could not have chosen a better way than to make it appear that He was only a man.

Christians who believe that Christ is the Son of God, not in an adoptive, but in the natural sense, will get nothing out of this book. The Gospels tell the story with greater economy and force. Our opinion is that *The Nazarene* is not to be recommended to the ordinary faithful because it will give them many false ideas of their faith. "Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ . . . He that believeth not the Son maketh Him a liar, because he believeth not in the testimony which God hath testified of His Son."

### Madonna of the Apple Tree

*I made a present of a picture called "The Madonna of the Apple Tree" to a young Catholic couple. A nun who saw it said that it wasn't a Catholic Madonna. Is there any other madonna than a Catholic Madonna?—*

JORDAN, N. Y.

When one uses the word "Madonna" without qualification, it is taken to mean the Blessed Virgin Mary. Any artist may create a Madonna, whatever may be his religious beliefs, provided he does his work in a spirit of reverence for his exalted subject. We do not know whether the Madonna of the Apple Tree fulfils this condition, but if it does there is no reason to cavil at calling it a Madonna. The great artists of the Ages of Faith had no monopoly on the Mother of God. Artists of nearly every age and country have made representations of her who was blessed above all other women, and who prophesied that all men would glorify her. Supposing a certain measure of artistry, the other essential is reverence in execution. This condition would necessarily exclude the barbarous creations of Jacob Epstein.

### Meditating on Rosary: Passing Before Church: Stations During Exposition: Indulgence for Looking on Host

(1) *When saying the rosary, should one meditate on the mystery before reciting the prayers of each decade? Some books of instructions tell us to consider the mystery before reciting the prayers, and others advise us to say the prayers while meditating on the mystery. The former method seems to cause more distractions, while the latter takes the mind from the direct meaning of the prayers.* (2) *How should a woman show respect for our Lord when she passes in front of a Catholic church?* (3) *Is it improper to say the Stations of the Cross when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed?* (4) *At what time during the Mass may one gain an indulgence when looking upon the Sacred Host?—N. J.*

(1) When one speaks of the rosary, he generally means the Rosary of Saint Dominic, or the Marian Rosary. This is the only rosary that requires meditation on the sacred mysteries of our Lord's life, death, and resurrection. However, the *Raccolta*, n. 261, 10th edition,

says: "Persons incapable of meditating may gain the indulgences by merely saying the rosary devoutly. Such persons should, however, endeavor in some measure to acquire the power of meditating." There is no incompatibility to meditating on the mysteries of our Lord's life, while saying the *Our Father* and *Hail Mary*, but if you cannot do it, the above note from the *Raccolta* ought to encourage you.

(2) She ought to bow her head and say an ejaculation that will express her faith and love for the Blessed Sacrament, e.g., the indulgenced payer, "Blessed and praised every moment be the most holy and divine sacrament;" or something similar. There is an indulgence of 300 days for an exterior act of reverence when passing a church or chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. (*Preces et Pia Opera*, n. 119.) Boys and men, of course, raise their hats (if they wear one), in honor of the Blessed Sacrament.

(3) It seems more fitting to devote one's time to adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, when it is solemnly exposed, rather than make the Stations of the Cross; though one could, of course, do both. In one church where there is perpetual adoration, the faithful are asked to make the Way of the Cross in the lower church, so as not to disturb those engaged in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

(4) The faithful who recite the ejaculation, *My Lord and my God!* with faith, piety, and love, when the Host is elevated during Mass, or when it is solemnly exposed, may gain an indulgence of seven years, and a plenary indulgence once in the week, if they have made the above ejaculation daily. There is no mention of looking upon the Host while the ejaculation is made. The other conditions for the plenary indulgence are these: sacramental confession, the reception of Holy Communion, and prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father. (*Preces et Pia Opera*, n. 107.)

### Blue Scapular

*How did the blue scapular originate, by whom is it used, and what are the indulgences attached to it?—*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

This scapular is called the Scapular of the Immaculate Conception. It is made of blue woolen cloth; on one side is a symbol of the Immaculate Conception, and on the other the name of Mary. It was originally promoted by Blessed Ursula Benicasa, foundress of the Order of Theatine Nuns. She affirmed that the habit which she and her community were to wear in honor of the Immaculate Conception was revealed to her in a vision by our Blessed Lord. She besought Him that the graces promised to the new sisterhood might be extended to all who would wear the Scapular of the Immaculate Conception.

The use of this scapular was approved by Pope Clement X and by succeeding Popes, and the various indulgences attached to it were renewed by the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences in 1845 and finally in 1882. They are too numerous to list here, but they include the indulgences of the Holy Sepulcher and the Holy Land, as well as the seven basilicas of Rome, the Portiuncula, Jerusalem, and Saint James of Compostella.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words.

The Editor reserves the

right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

## OUTSTANDING ON LATIN AMERICA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In my studies at Columbia University in the City of New York, I am trying to specialize in Latin-American history, economics, and culture. For this reason I am subscribing to *THE SIGN*, whose editorials and articles in that field have been outstanding. Particular tribute should be paid to Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, whose pictorial pen makes history a vivid and living thing to us who have been less fortunate in our experience and travels.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ELLEN COLLINS

## RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read with great interest the editorial entitled "Catholics and Pan-America." What you say as to the role which Catholic elements should play in the development of commercial and political relations with Spanish America is very true, but it would be a fine thing if you would write another editorial on the system being employed by business men of this country in their commercial penetration into Latin America.

Enterprises from the United States want to work in Spanish America, using North American personnel. This gives the impression of an imperialistic policy, and for that reason does not create very friendly sentiments. The foundation on which business men of the United States establish their enterprises in the countries to the south should be the better native elements in each country. This gives work to the people there and establishes a closer association between the North American capital, the object of which is to obtain profits in those countries, and the countries themselves.

The writer had the opportunity some years ago of listening to a talk by an important business man at a reunion of North American enterprises, and he quite plainly advised his listeners to use North Americans for work in Spanish America. He did not know that there was a Spanish American in his audience. This exclusion is a very bad policy, and creates animosity and resistance. It reveals a lack of confidence in the native element, which is made up of both good and bad, as is the case here and everywhere else. The English do not follow this policy in South America nor in any country in the world. They organize their enterprises, invest their capital, and then search out in each country natives of responsibility who can direct the business. They do have,

in some position of comparatively small importance, an Englishman who, without doubt, is an informer for the directors in London, and they send one of their directors on an inspection trip whenever necessary.

In this way, the English make a profit and at the same time allow others to make a profit also, without creating any resistance. They are respected and well received. It is in this manner that in so many localities, even in countries as large as India, a few Englishmen manage and control the country.

BOSTON, MASS.

SOUTH AMERICAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read with keen interest Dr. Joseph Thorning's article, "Inside Washington," in the March issue of *THE SIGN*. I was particularly impressed with his proposal of a seminar and cultural program in reference to Central and South America. I have long been interested in South America, and while a teacher contemplated establishing a school in Peru at the request of Honorable Señor Alvarez. I think that Dr. Thorning's plan is admirable. If he could interest some Catholic layman in the affairs of South America, I believe that his plan would have a far-reaching effect on relationships between this country and her sister republics to the south.

Perhaps you are already familiar with the regard with which the South Americans hold the Germans. No little portion of this respect is due to the fact that the German mentality is appreciative of the Spanish background and culture. Unfortunately, American business representatives have not been cognizant of the insults that they have heaped upon South Americans by disregarding their language and forcing them to learn English rather than learning Spanish themselves.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

SACERDOS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Everyone who believes in God must welcome the growing realization among those outside the Church that relations between the United States and Latin America will improve in direct ratio to the understanding of Catholic culture displayed by American educators, economists, statesmen, and professional men whose work takes them to Central and South America. Your Washington correspondent, the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Thorning, writing in the March issue of *THE SIGN*, hits the nail on the head when he states: "A far-sighted American Ambassador, known to reflect the spiritual views of the American people, would work wonders in the development of reciprocal defense measures." This statement coincides with the view of Dr. Merle E. Frampton, Professor of Education at Teachers College, Columbia University, who declares that the policy of real neighborliness is "fundamentally a socio-psychological problem and not an economic one." Professor Frampton adds that "our current policy . . . shows a serious lack of understanding of the cultures of Central and South American Republics." (*The New York Times*, Jan. 12, 1941)

The remedy proposed by this non-Catholic scholar is as follows: "We must send down business men, educators, statesmen, and doctors who understand thoroughly the total culture of these people, their sociology, psychology, religion, and customs."



You are to be congratulated upon the splendid leadership of *THE SIGN* in this movement for truth and justice to Christian Latin America.

CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN CORNELIUS HAYES, A.B., J.D.  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF LAW

*Editor's Note:* We are happy to announce that Dr. Joseph F. Thorning will act as Special Correspondent of *THE SIGN* on an extended tour which he will soon begin in order to make a survey of conditions in Central and South America. See announcement on P. 516.

## FIRST WITH THE LATEST

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

As a one-time reporter for the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* and still interested in news gathering, I am glad to see that *THE SIGN*, published on March 1, scooped *Time*, which claims to be first with the latest. Your Capital correspondent described the Washington scene as now more than ever "boiling over with politics." Ten days later, *Time* reported that in Washington "could be heard the ratlike sounds of politics, the scurrings and whispsers."

In the same *Time*, attention was called to the fact that the Army would have saved \$100,000,000 on the housing program if proper and complete plans had been provided. This reminded me of the story in the January issue of *THE SIGN* outlining the lack of planning details. *Time* was only seventy days behind!

MACON, GA.

E. F. KARST

## DR. THORNING AND MR. O'BRIEN

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Dr. Thorning's article, "Inside Washington," in the March issue was the best yet. He certainly gets the news of what is going on and why in the National Capital. With him and Mr. John C. O'Brien reporting on Washington for *THE SIGN*, your coverage of the subject is as good as that of any magazine in the country. In fact, I do not know of any magazine—secular or religious—that even approaches *THE SIGN* in this respect. More power to them—and *THE SIGN*.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

HENRY A. LEWIS

## ABOUT OUR ENEMIES

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

According to an editorial in your February issue, Germany, Italy, and Japan "have made no effort to conceal their hatred of us." Presumably, we should hate them in return. Even if it were permissible for a Catholic to hate any creature made to the image and likeness of God, instead of hating thoughts, words, and actions offensive to Him, whether they be in ourselves or in somebody else, there is no evidence to show that Japan hates us. We are her best customer. It would be illogical to suppose that she hates us. The originators of the propaganda are intent on getting us to hate Japan, although we could influence her conduct in China more effectively by Christian means than by antagonism.

Italy has ample cause to resent our uncalled for "stab-in-the-back" insult which accomplished no good and eliminates us as an agency for bringing about peace, in

conjunction with the prayers and efforts of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.

Japan, Italy, and Germany have one common foe. It is not the United States. It is Russia. Although Stalin is a nominal ally of Hitler, he has used him to seize territory for himself. It is to Stalin's advantage to promote confusion amongst the Christians of Europe and to draw the United States into the vortex by skillful control of the channels of information. This was shown by the way the secular press was deceived here during the Communistic seizure of Spain. Further evidence of skill in persuading wealthy persons to pay tribute to the cause of confusion can be read in the *Saturday Evening Post* of February 15th.

Stalin favors war as earnestly as the Pope prays and works for peace. In the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the plea for peace is second in importance only to the plea for mercy. That indicates peace is a gift of God and not the product of violence or ingenuity.

If war is often a chastisement, this country seems to deserve it. While the sins of divorce and birth control are grievous, the result falls primarily on the persons guilty. A more serious crime, which involves all of us, is our indifference to the support given by our official representatives to the governments of Russia and Mexico, whose policy is to corrupt children and to prevent them by force from practicing any religion. The children deprived of the benefits of religion are not to blame for their plight. The leaders of those governments, if ignorant of Catholicism, may be less guilty than we who consent to the abuse by disregarding it.

Our Lord said that a person would have been more fortunate not to have been born, or to have been cruelly drowned, than to be obliged to suffer the consequences of scandalizing a little one. During the Spanish Insurrection hundreds of Catholic children were forcibly separated from their Faith and their families by a foreign power for political purposes.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

H. V. M.

*Editor's Note:* We are not advocates of hate. See the statement of Christian principles in the editorial in the March issue, "Escape to Eternal Realities."

## CANADIAN COMMENT

EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Your periodical means a great deal in my life. In the summer of 1939, in an effort to raise enough money for a year of postgraduate work at our local university, I was working in British Columbia's great logging industry far from civilization, cut off from Holy Mass and the Sacraments. Then one Saturday evening one of your veteran subscribers, a Father J. L. Bradley, arrived to bring Christ to us. So impressed was he with the necessity of "developing my Catholic mind" that he prescribed an intensive reading program for me. To insure the accomplishment of his purpose, at least in part, this holy apostle, unknown to me, ordered a subscription for me to *THE SIGN*.

Your magazine impresses me for many reasons. In the first place, it illustrates the universality of the Church by using the proceeds of its sale to the Occidental peoples to help Christianize the Oriental peoples. Thus does your Order not only carry its mission to the

people of the Orient but also to the inhabitants of our beloved North America. And it carries the word of God to non-Americans because the reader can always feel the constant urge of Christ's principles no matter to what department he may turn. The Sign-Post is, I believe, particularly well done. And the book reviews and Jerry Cotter excel.

The articles on American national policies are always good. May I suggest that you present an article or two on Canadian-American Relations? Canadian readers would much appreciate this, and Catholics can well lead in the promotion of happy relations between our two peoples.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

WILFRID M. CALNAN

### APPRECIATION FROM BRAZIL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In this remote part of God's dear and disastrous world, missing a number of THE SIGN is worse even than America's determination to buy an interest in England's burning house of cards. And it is not my Hibernian ancestry or Celtic patronymic alone that's talking!

Anyway, permit me to express my appreciation for your splendid publication, and that you may know I am sincere, I can tell you that I have convinced at least one native Latin gentleman (who had never seen the magazine until three months ago) of its value, for he has promised to enter a subscription when his present subscription to *Time*—God save the mark—expires. I'm here tutoring English to a young doctor and his wife who expect to go to America shortly, and THE SIGN is proving invaluable.

MINAS GERAIS, BRAZIL

ANNE M. O'ROURKE

### GOOD SHORT STORIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My subscription to your magazine began with the December number. Since that time I have looked forward with pleasant anticipation to each new issue.

Because I am a lover of good fiction, I particularly enjoy the short stories which appear in THE SIGN. I became so absorbed in the two delightful stories by Seumas MacManus and Loucille Dowd Giles that I could not put down my first copy of the magazine until I had finished reading them. The story by Brassil Fitzgerald which appeared in the following issue further increased my respect for your magazine. In my opinion, the short stories which you publish compare favorably with the best that our outstanding secular publications have to offer. I hope that you will continue to maintain their high standard.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

MARGARET EVANS

### "THE BRIGHT PAVILIONS"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The review of *The Bright Pavilions* by Hugh Walpole, which appears in the February issue of THE SIGN, suggests a problem which troubles many readers but which is never squarely faced by Catholic book reviewers. It is the problem, or should I say the place of sin in literature. I believe it was Cardinal Newman who wrote somewhere in *The Idea of a University* that

literature is a reflection of life, sin is a part of life, therefore sin must have a legitimate place in literature. I was under the impression therefore that sin treated as sin in literature, sin leading inevitably to the destruction of the sinner, was acceptable by Catholics.

Why then, the unqualified condemnation of *The Bright Pavilions*? That the author offends good taste in several instances cannot be denied; but I question whether or not the author has written a book which "we cannot recommend." The "indelicacies" to which your reviewer refers are in no degree more offensive than similar graphic details in Sigrid Undset's books, especially *Kristin Lavransdatter*, which is included among the one hundred best Catholic books.

Hugh Walpole is not a Catholic. Yet he has written in *The Bright Pavilions* a novel in which the real hero is Edmund Campion, the Jesuit martyr. By your own admission, he has championed the cause of Edmund Campion and has upheld the cause of Catholic Mary Queen of Scots against England's darling queen, Elizabeth. Is there nothing significant in this? Furthermore, to anyone familiar with the trend in current fiction, there must be something significant in a non-Catholic author's choice of "the bright pavilions of God, the only resting place for the bodies and souls of blundering, weary travellers" as a theme for a popular novel.

I want to make it clear that I protest strenuously against the pornographic details employed by any author whether he be Catholic or pagan. But the fact remains that unlike some of the realistic stuff of recent date it is withal an ugly picture that is drawn in *The Bright Pavilions*. Certainly no reader admires or sympathizes with Sylvia; the author didn't himself. I think he has drawn her with remarkable detachment. Certainly this hateful adulteress meets in her violent and brutal death the just wages of a violent and brutal life of sin.

Inasmuch as the Catholic reviewers in general did not see fit to dismiss such realistic novels as *Kristin Lavransdatter* or *Madame Dortha*, *Anne Boleyn*, or *Kitty Foyle*, they need not have been so harsh on a novel from the pen of a non-Catholic patriotic Englishman who gives in unforgettable strokes a truly Catholic picture of Mary Queen of Scots, of Edmund Campion, and the Catholic Martyrs of that age. I think it is a time for prayer, not for condemnation.

ROXBURY, MASS.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

### BOOK REVIEWS: SIGNED OR UNSIGNED?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

For many years I have been a constant reader of the book reviews in THE SIGN, and I have used them to a great extent in forming my judgment on new books. While I do not always agree with the reviewers, I have the greatest respect for their opinions. Whoever they are, they are evidently masters of the subject matter treated in the books reviewed, and within the limited space allowed for the review give sufficient information to permit one to form a judgment on the book in question. I have been particularly interested in the recently increased coverage in THE SIGN of best sellers.

With regard to signed book reviews, I would like to state that to me personally it would make no difference

whether or not the reviews are anonymous. *THE SIGN* has set a certain standard for itself which it maintains throughout its pages, and this rather than the name of any individual reviewer is sufficient guarantee of the competence of the opinions expressed.

BOSTON, MASS.

JOHN J. BENNETT

#### EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

This is in reply to your notation on Rev. John W. Meyer's request for signed reviews. Being in a position in which it is impossible for me to visit a Catholic library, reading the reviews in *THE SIGN* gives me a knowledge of what the books are about. I have spent much time reading very interesting reviews in your magazine, and have often wondered who the reviewers could be. By all means, give their names so that we can become acquainted with them.

ATHENS, OHIO

(MRS.) HELEN NEE

### COMPLIMENTS AND REQUEST

#### EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In my opinion, *THE SIGN* is the best Catholic magazine printed today. Its contents improve in quality with each passing year. The book reviews and theater write-ups are especially fine, and we all enjoy reading them.

I would like to see in your magazine some articles from the pen of Monsignor Fulton Sheen. He has a great following all over the country, and I am sure an article from him would be of great interest to your readers.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

MARY E. JOHNSON

### TRAPPISTINES

#### EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Besides the Monastery of Notre Dame du Bon Conseil at Saint Romuald d'Etchemin, Quebec, mentioned in the December issue, page 305, in reply to a correspondent in Buffalo, N. Y., there is also another Trappistine convent in Canada, that of Notre Dame de l'Assomption, Rogersville, New Brunswick. These two are the only monasteries of Trappistines in America.

The only monastery of this order that was founded in the United States had a very brief existence. It was established in New York City in 1812 and closed in 1815.

FALL RIVER, MASS. SISTER MARY CHRISTINA, S.U.S.C.

### SPECIAL EUCHARISTIC MONTH

#### EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

In a spirit of complete submission to ecclesiastical authority, the writer wishes to present a Eucharistic project that may be of interest to the readers of *THE SIGN*. It consists in the special dedication of one month of the year to the Most Holy Eucharist with appropriate spiritual exercises in Its honor. The purpose is firstly to honor and glorify Our Eucharistic Lord in a spirit of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition and to make some return for His infinite love; and secondly to save and sanctify souls through a greater knowledge and love of the Holy Eucharist.

This month, for the fifth consecutive year, a group of souls will unite in privately dedicating the month of April to the Holy Eucharist. An appeal is made to you who read these lines, to join with us in glorifying the

Most Holy Eucharist and to get several others to join.

While the spiritual exercises of the month are left to the choice of the individual, such practices as the frequent and even daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and reception of Holy Communion—if it be possible; daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament; Holy Hour once or twice during the month—or even weekly if possible, and the reading of literature pertaining to the Holy Eucharist are suggested.

If it be God's will, may this Eucharistic movement, still in its infancy, continue to grow—that the Holy Eucharist may be glorified and Eucharistic love may be enkindled and increased in the hearts of men.

For any further information kindly communicate with the writer at 47 East 81 Street, New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

LORETTA J. FURCH

### GRACE IN PUBLIC

#### EDITOR OF *THE SIGN*:

Saying grace is an ancient Catholic custom which I fear is fast becoming obsolete, like saying the beautiful Angelus prayer three times a day. To sit down at table and eat one's fill, then leave the table without one thought of God, from whom all blessings come, is a very sensual thing, it seems to me. If we act like this, we are no better than animals. They don't thank God for anything.

But when one eats in a restaurant, etc., the question occurs whether to follow the Catholic custom and say grace before and thanksgiving after, and especially whether to make the Sign of the Cross. I have always tried to say some kind of grace, and at times even to make the Sign of the Cross, but the latter was a timid affair, of which I am afraid the saints would be heartily ashamed. I know I was ashamed, (may God forgive me!) And yet, why should we not be Catholics outside our homes and churches, as well as inside? We are not ashamed to bare our heads when the flag of our country goes by, the Reds are not ashamed to raise the clenched fist, but when it comes to a question of showing reverence for God and displaying the sign of our Redeemer in public, we are frightfully timid. It may be that we are not supposed to pray at meals and make the Sign of the Cross when outside the home, but why the difference in practice?

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# BOOKS



## Out of the Night

By JAN VALTIN

The autobiography of a German Communist who finally saw the error of his ways and abandoned Bolshevism, this book is an important contribution to an understanding of the actual workings of Communism. It has little to say of Communist theory as elaborated by Marx and Lenin, but it has a great deal to say about how these theories are put into effect.

Jan Valtin (the name is a pseudonym) came to maturity when misery and want were at their worst in post-war Germany. In 1923 he joined the Communist Party, having become convinced that dedication to the revolution was the only worthwhile thing in life. He threw himself into the work of the Party with all the fervor and fanaticism of his fiery nature and soon advanced to a position of trust and importance among the Comrades.

Having been a sailor, he was appointed to labor among seamen. He worked not only in Germany, but in Holland, Belgium, France, Scandinavia, the United States, and the Far East. Of the success of this work in which he played an important part, he writes: "Stalin's power on the seven seas had developed by 1932 into a vast maze of imposing façade and underground passages. This far-flung dominion waged propaganda campaigns, maintained numerous smuggling rings, ran schools for agitators and wreckers, initiated mass strikes, organized mass sabotage, instigated naval mutinies, engaged in various forms of espionage, carried out assassinations, employed crews of expert kidnapers, and operated prison ships disguised as merchantmen."

Valtin was finally captured by the Gestapo. His description of the tortures to which he was subjected is

so terrible as to be sickening. He finally escaped by pretending that he had become converted to Nazism and was sent by the Gestapo to spy on his fellow Communists. He returned to his old work but soon realized that Communism and Nazism are but two brands of the same brutalitarianism. Captured by the Comrades for shipment to Russia and "liquidation," he managed to escape and at present is in this country.

Valtin writes objectively, mentioning specifically names, dates, and places. He describes events with complete candor—too much candor at times. It must be remembered, however, that the book describes the life and views of a sailor who up to the last few pages believes fanatically in the vicious and brutal code of Communism. *Out of the Night* is strong meat for strong stomachs.

Alliance Book Corporation, New York. \$3.50

## H. M. Pulham, Esquire

By JOHN P. MARQUAND

In reading authors such as Santayana, T. S. Eliot, Philip Barry, etc., who have satirized that strange environment which is New England, we are sometimes inclined to the belief that at least fictionally New England is not so much a place as a state of mind. At the moment, the ace-reporter of the "Boston tradition" is John P. Marquand with his new novel, *H. M. Pulham, Esquire*, a worthy successor to *The Late George Apley*.

Harry Pulham is the victim of a rigid and hypocritically imposed life-formula. We find him from early youth enmeshed in the toils of an ineluctable tradition of "decorum" which so warps his mind that life becomes a long-drawn-out tragedy. Everything he thinks and does must be weighed against the severe exactions of a puritanical code. His inner soul is a slave to idolatry—the wor-

ship of "Caste." He is so hidebound in his convictions that he even refuses to marry Marvin Myles because she is not of his social set, although he loves her to distraction. Instead he foolishly marries Kay Motford and sets the scene for the tragedy. This frustrated love becomes the corrosive which eats away his heart slowly through the years with the result that "some of him lived but most of him died." We have here a Dante-Beatrice love story set forth with as much pathos as can be found in literature.

And yet, Harry Pulham is a lovable character withal, and we feel for him nothing but commiseration as we watch him slowly deteriorate under the withering blight of a deadly tradition. Fortunately, the heavy atmosphere of the story is lightened by a subtle strain of humor and comic incident.

Readers will hardly fail to enjoy this novel. It is written by a literary craftsman who has a sure feel for the dramatic in plot, an exceptional gift for characterization, an intriguing sense of humor, and an all-round ability at writing. *H. M. Pulham, Esquire* promises to be one of the best novels of the year.

Little, Brown and Company, Boston. \$2.50

## West to North

By COMPTON MACKENZIE

Compton Mackenzie set out to write a vast saga of the post-war world under the generic title *The Four Winds of Love*. The work is three-quarters done with the present volume of *West to North*, but not until the wheel has turned full circle can a just and final judgment be passed upon this monumental undertaking. When the last book is finished it will be the task of future reviewers to evaluate what promises to be one of the longest and best novels in the English language.

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Those who are familiar with Mackenzie's writing will agree that he is in the front rank of contemporary novelists. His particular forte is intimate character analysis, which may explain his penchant for novel-sequences. He seems to chafe under the one-volume necessity of portraying merely a dramatic slice of a character's life. He prefers to paint a psychological, detailed picture of a character on a broad canvas from childhood through a life-span. It will be remembered that in a former trilogy he analyzed the spiritual evolution of Mark Littledale toward Catholicism.

In this more imposing tetralogy, in the person of John Ogilvie, we have another finely chiseled character study, and at the same time a trenchant social satire of the contemporary scene. John Ogilvie has been called a modern Cassandra, and his gloomy forebodings are unfolding before our eyes. Mr. Mackenzie has here utilized the novel as a dynamic vehicle to expose the smug complacencies of modern life and the devastating effects of political chicanery,

with special emphasis on British political intrigue. Compton Mackenzie may yet prove to be a modern avatar of Dean Swift. He is essentially a novelist whose work is thoroughly readable and entertaining. In *West to North* his treatment of the love episode between John Ogilvie's sister Prudence and Mario Aprili is as delightful and pathetic as anything in literature.

Compton Mackenzie is one of the greater lights in the Catholic Literary Revival, and as might be expected his work is tinged with Catholic thought and philosophy. John Ogilvie, in casting about for spiritual anchorage in a world of turmoil and unrest, has thus far looked with longing toward that Rock which is Peter. He has had his daughter baptized into the Catholic Church, and perhaps his long spiritual Odyssey will end in that same Church which his literary creator entered some years ago.

Unstinted praise for a great writer who has many glaring literary faults at times, but whose writing is an antitoxin against some of the lethal (yet strangely banal) stuff found in our book-stalls.

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The public is again the victim of high-pressure advertising. The masters have pulled the strings—and possibly have released the purse-strings—and the reviewing puppets have danced. Even some of the more enlightened have unwittingly played the role of marionette.

Marcus Goodrich's "fusillade of profanity" seems for the most part nothing more than a literary subterfuge to peddle smut within the law. Generously helped by his publishers, as he so naively tells us, the author labored the better part of fourteen years to regale us with a story, clothed in as "... lovely language as you'll find in any literature,"—language profuse in profanities, blasphemies, and "Joyceisms". In many places it assumes the aspect of a visceral extravaganza. It is finding an avid public among the unmoral.

*Delilah* was a United States destroyer. But she was no impersonal thing. The whole *Delilah* consisted of the ship and the men that manned

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We always thought of Orestes Brownson as just another one of those chilly New England intellectuals, until we discovered his new biography **GRANITE FOR GOD'S HOUSE** by Doran Whalen. It gives you not only a vivid and understandable picture of Brownson's life and character, his friends and opponents, the causes he championed so violently, the position of the Church in the America of that time, but also the very sight and sound of his many battles toward and for the truth. Many of them are our battles today. **(\$3.75)**

Mortimer J. Adler lays an axe to the Tree of Porphyry and philosophical chips fly in "The Solution of the Problem of Species", in the April issue of **THE THOMIST**. This number also includes a discussion of the respective spheres of Science and Philosophy (something we all have argued about at one time or another) and a study of the Gift of Wisdom—a gift for all of us, as well as philosophers and scientists. **(\$4.00 a year. Single copies \$1.25)**



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her. The story fuses the one and the other into a complete and single individual, and the Conrad-like theme underlying all is devotion to and duty toward the ship. The book is compounded of sea yarns, psychological probings, and sordid shore-leave escapades. As a psychological study one suspects that there is an autobiographical revelation rather than an adequate picture of the mental inhibitions of a destroyer staff. At best it is an unpalatable caricature and the first to take exception may well be the navy men themselves.

While undoubtedly the author shows an unusual command of language—more than duly praised elsewhere—he reveals a lamentable need of schooling in the fundamental canons of good taste, and this factor alone will, fortunately or unfortunately, deny his work any claim to lasting value.

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By HARVEY KLEMMER

This blow by blow description of the Blitzkrieg on Britain is a judicious mixture of the tragic and comic, and as good a picture as any of the brave civilian population that

Young ladies who wish to devote their lives and talents to the sick and unfortunate as Sisters of St. Benedict, may write to:  
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is England's at the present time. Just what kind of people are these who see their homes and families blown to bits by Goering's bombers, and yet grin and bear it? What has happened to the morale of the average man since that fateful night of September 7, 1940? What about the R.A.F.? The food and shelter problems? The precautions against German invasion? The highly organized squads who take over during the Alert?

Mr. Klemmer, a frank advocate of speedy American entrance into the war, answers these and other questions, but paints no pastel in this uncensored story of Britain at bay. One may or may not agree with his major premise, but it is hardly possible to read this book, with its grim recountal of death and terror from the skies, the courage of the men and women of the Home Defense, without being greatly moved. The author has been an attaché of the American Embassy in London since 1938, and waited until his recent return to America to write this story. *They'll Never Quit* is undoubtedly a British propaganda volume, but it is also the case history of forty-seven million unsung heroes.

Wulfrid Funk, Inc., New York. \$2.50

**Pilsudski**

By ALEXANDRA PILSUDSKA

From the middle of the sixteenth century to our own time, the history of Poland has been, except for the relatively short period following the World War, a history marked by the tragedy of exploitation. For centuries, Russia, Prussia, and Austria perpetuated a triple division under which the Polish people groaned and rather hopelessly prayed for deliverance.

All this and more is dramatized in this breathless narrative by the wife of the man who did most in re-establishing Poland as an independent nation. Any writer who merely used the material at hand for the story of Poland would perforce write something with inherent interest. When the story comes from one who was so closely associated

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with the events narrated and so intimately joined to the man who had the leading role in them, the interest of the story is enhanced by the note of authenticity.

Madame Pilsudska opens her book with a description of her experiences during the barbaric attack by the Nazis in 1939. Then, after giving a summary of Poland's history, she recounts her early life. Since Pilsudski does not enter the book, except in a casual way, until after the first hundred and fifty pages, the title "Pilsudski and I" would have been more accurate than that used.

Once he comes upon the scene, the pace which has been fast throughout, becomes swifter. The transportation of arms secretly, a train hold-up, furtive political meetings, the printing of a contraband paper and other actions leading to Poland's participation in the World War, combine to give a picture of Pilsudski's remarkable career.

The story was told in French to Mrs. Jennifer Ellis, who wrote the English version.

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## Salt of the Earth

By VICTOR HOLMES

It will be a pity if this exceptional book does not become a best seller. It is a true and lovable story of your neighbors, and should have a universal appeal. *Salt of the Earth* is a warm story of "interesting folks" who have not lost their savor, of the folks who make up a small county seat in the Middle West. The author of the book is the editor of the town's weekly newspaper, and he tells us about some of the people who make the small town the most interesting place on earth. The heart of America is in this book which tells of the newspaper itself, the small-town society, the gossips, the undertaker and the wakes, the country doctor, the Halloween pranksters, etc. Many are acquainted with this sort of a town, but all of America, conscious now of national unity, should come to know it. There is some tragedy in the incidents that occur to the people of this town, but our country editor has described for the most part the rich humor which keeps such a town alive. Because the people and incidents are many and each a story in itself, the book is easily interrupted, but it is more easily resumed.

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## The Pivotal Problems of Education

By WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, C.S.C., Ph.D.

Our educational system is so well entrenched and to all outward appearances runs so smoothly that to question its efficiency and success seems to smack of alarmism. And yet some of our leading educators, under the aegis of Professors Hutchins and Adler of the University of Chicago, are crying out in prophetic warning that all is not well and that we are heading for academic destruction. It simply will not do to relax in complacent optimism and point to the ever-increasing roster of student enrollment in our schools—as if sheer numbers argued conclusively for efficiency. Nor can we point proudly to the vast efflux of degreed scholars pouring out of the well-oiled machinery of our schools. We must ask the apparently stupid question: "Are we really educating our children at all?" Some of our most learned teachers say "no" and insist that we are merely turning out Pope's renowned pedant:

"A book-full blockhead ignorantly read  
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

Newman's classic distinction between mere knowledge and true learning seems to be lost upon our generation. Our present system is deficient in method and results, and its greatest defect is that it is godless.

In *The Pivotal Problems of Education* Doctor Cunningham has released what should be a tidal wave of provocative thought on this subject. His book is a searching probe of the Philosophy of Education. It is a psychological, biological, and theological analysis of the entire field of pedagogics. His main emphasis is on the necessity of a supernatural concept of the student as a religious animal.

We have in this volume a veritable gold mine of information on the crucial problem of education. In reading this book the professoriate throughout the country will be annoyed; parents will be alarmed; students may be apprehensive, and all of us should be set to thinking, for we are warned that our educational system is heading toward ultimate collapse if it is not rehabilitated.

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We suggest that you bind each year's copies of THE SIGN. You will find in them a surprising amount of accurate, timely, and varied information.

**INDEX 10 cts. per copy****ORDER NOW****THE SIGN UNION CITY, N. J.****Cyril and Methodius***Apostles of the Slavs*

By REV. CYRIL J. POTOCEK

Here is a modest and commendable contribution that is imperative and timely. Unhappily, the life and work of the Apostles of the Slavs have hitherto not been written in English. The subjugation of Czechoslovakia and Poland, moreover, and the present precarious position of other Slavic groups have occasioned widespread interest in the history and background of the Slavic races. This book tells their story. Into the setting of the present-day tragedies and hopes of the Slavs is woven the life story, fascinating in legend and historical fact, of their Apostles, through whose labors they were subjected to the sweet yoke of Christ.

This book gives the reasons why the Slavs are now divided in culture, spiritual allegiance, and in the alphabets which are used in their respective religious rites. An English translation of the Byzantine-Slavonic Liturgy of the Mass is included in the appendix. It serves to give a clearer idea of the bewitching beauty of Christ's Bride adorned in the expressiveness and rich ceremonial of an Oriental rite.

P. J. Kennedy &amp; Sons, New York. \$2.00

**England's Hour**

By VERA BRITAIN

This is not a connected narrative but rather a day-by-day recording of the Nazi bombing of England. Mrs. Britain has traveled through many parts of England during these trying days, and this is her report of the

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reactions of the British man-in-the street.

Mrs. Brittain is in a rather anomalous position. By desire a pacifist, she is forced by circumstances to play a more or less active part in the war. Her regret at the passing of Chamberlain and his appeasement is equaled only by her displeasure at the rise of the dynamic and determined Churchill.

All in all, Mrs. Brittain's book does not add anything to our knowledge of conditions in England. It is of worth, however, as an eyewitness account of the everyday heroism of England's John Q. Public.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50

**Venezuela**

By HENRY J. ALLEN

Under the protecting spirit of Simón Bolívar, Venezuela's political leaders and its four million inhabitants are working hand in hand to obtain for their country by peaceful means those social and economical advantages which the dictatorial powers believe can only be obtained by the abandonment of spiritual ideals and the shedding of human blood. The South American Republic is making progress. Its budget is balanced. There is a surplus in the treasury. There are few labor disputes. Government, people, and oil companies live in mutual trust.

Juan Vicente Gómez laid the foundation for this trust. President Gómez directed the political destinies of Venezuela for thirty years. He died in 1936. General López Contreras, long associated with the War Department, succeeded him. In an endeavor to substitute "for a discipline of fear, the discipline of reason," he set aside his military uniform upon becoming president. His leading pre-occupation is the betterment of the social and financial condition of the sixty-five percent of the population that constitutes an excessively poor class. Sweeping reforms are in evidence. They stress health, sanitation, education, agriculture, and all types of public works. The people have embraced the humanitarian endeavors of their leaders with an astounding civic pride. Undoubtedly, the fact that oil revenues and customs duties amply supply the funds for these undertakings, and that there is no general taxation, accounts in part for this co-operation.

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## NOTE

The publishers have called to our attention the fact that the price of *The Parables of Christ*, by Very Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., was incorrectly quoted in our March issue. This book is published by Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., New York, and the price of same is \$3.00 plus postage.

## BRIEF MENTION

### CHRIST: TEACHER AND HEALER, by

Kilian J. Hennrich

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.00

Meditations on the teachings and miracles of Our Lord's public life make up this last volume of the *With God* series written by Father Athanasius Bierbaum, O.F.M.

### ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA AND PRAYER,

by Most Rev. Alban Goodier, S. J.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London 7s 6d

Archbishop Goodier left this book unfinished at the time of his death. In one sense it is incomplete, as it deals with a relatively small part of the Exercises. But the author had already written a Conclusion which sums up his findings on the Prayers of the Exercises. A short memoir of Archbishop Goodier, written by Rev. H. Keane, S. J., is prefixed to the work.

### THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC ALMANAC

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REV. WILLIAM F. CUNNINGHAM, C.S.C., Ph.D., in *The Pivotal Problems of Education*

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THE SICK CALL RITUAL, Compiled and translated from the latest edition of the Roman Ritual by Rev. James E. Greenan  
The Macmillan Co., New York \$1.00  
Father Greenan's dominating thought in compiling this ritual was "to help the Priest to help the sick." While the volume is intended as a complete ritual for the sick, it also presents the rites for Baptism, Marriage, burial services, etc.

### DUST, REMEMBER THOU ART SPLEN-

DOR, by Rev. Raoul Plus, S.J.

Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York \$1.00

The chapters of this book are taken from a series of radio talks given by Father Plus in Paris last year. Its primary purpose, as outlined in the Foreword, is to encourage Christians "to capitalize on the tremendous wealth of which they have been so long unaware, to urge them to live always on the highest, noblest plane—the only one befitting their true position as co-heirs with Christ."

### VOICE AND DELIVERY, by William R. Duffey, M.A.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo.

*Voice and Delivery* is intended for courses in speech and vocal improvement. It is the outgrowth of twenty-five years of teaching experience. It treats of the correction of imperfections and the development of capacities to employ the medium of vocal, verbal, and bodily expression for personal and social advancement.



# CONFRATERNITY

## of the Most Holy Cross and Passion

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JESUS has not a glimmer of light to assure Him that His prayer is heard. Nevertheless, He shows no impatience nor vexation. He prays for the third time. When, behold! an angel immediately appears to Him to strengthen Him. The tradition of the Church usually represents this angel in the act of presenting a chalice to our Saviour. By the chalice must be understood His Passion. Therefore, it is probably meant that mankind cannot be saved, according to the decree already passed, except by means of His Passion; and to encourage Him to suffer, He is reminded that if His Passion is painful it will be proportionately fruitful.

What a satisfaction to Jesus to behold millions of souls who will, through the outpouring of His most precious blood, be saved! How inspiring too on hearing that after three days He shall rise again triumphant; that His sufferings shall pass away and be followed by eternal glory!

Most loving Jesus! Who wast consoled by an angel, for my sake rather than for Thine own grant me an ardent desire of my eternal salvation. However heavy may be the crosses of this world, is it not a powerful encouragement for anyone who bears them for the love of God to know that all passes away here below, and that above the glory will be eternal? But the greatest inducement that I can have to do violence to myself, O my Jesus, is Thy example.

An angel came to encourage Jesus, but it is Jesus Himself who comes to encourage me with the promise of eternal life if I am faithful in following His example. I shall renew my acts of hope. O chalice of Jesus, chalice of salvation, how sweet, how goodly, art thou in my eyes. I accept it willingly in thanksgiving to Thee for having so willingly drunk it for love of me.

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All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League, should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of March, 1941

Masses Heard .....	11,990
Holy Communions .....	16,684
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	28,172
Spiritual Communions .....	27,369
Benediction Services .....	4,356
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	25,727
Stations of the Cross .....	6,062
Visits to the Crucifix .....	11,312
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	5,344
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	53,547
Visits to Our Lady .....	12,924
Rosaries .....	19,226
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	2,962
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	1,008,873
Hours of Study, Reading .....	10,397
Hours of Labor .....	29,289
Acts of Charity & Zeal .....	41,090
Prayers, Devotions .....	220,734
Hours of Silence .....	19,383
Various Works .....	35,280

## Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

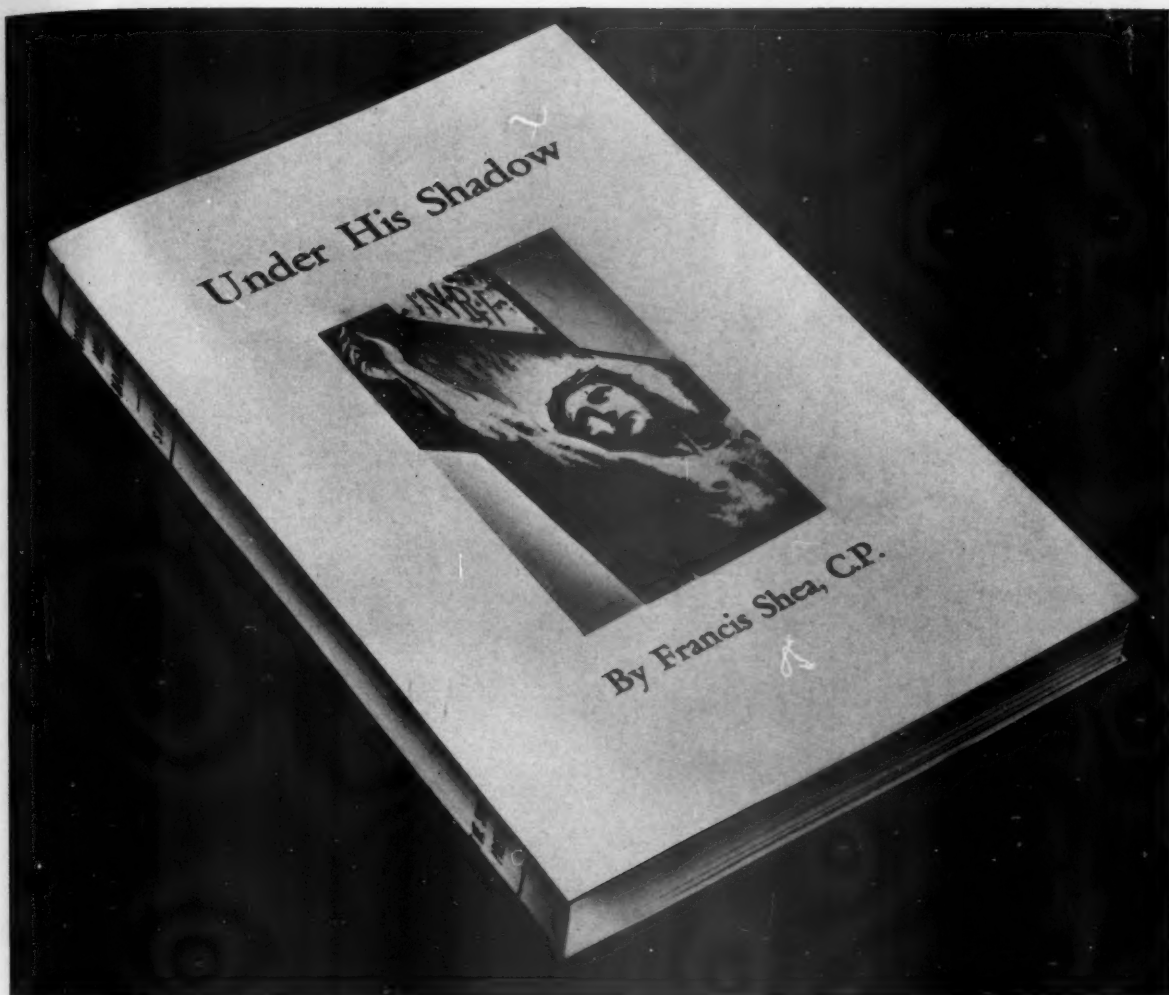
(Eccclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James P. Moran  
Rev. Thomas Healy  
Rev. F. J. Welsh  
Rev. J. L. Bourke  
Rev. Ferdinand Bogner  
Sr. M. Electa  
John A. Henneman  
Thomas A. Dunn  
Carl J. Kane  
Mrs. F. L. Bassett  
Robert J. Hennessy  
Kate Meehan  
Elizabeth Martin  
Lena Broggi  
Mrs. Andrew Soltis  
George Droppelmann  
Anna Casey  
Roy W. Martin  
Annie T. Ahern  
Julia M. Dunne  
John E. McCormick  
Helen Warth  
John Robb  
Catherine Vaughan  
William C. Herket  
John A. Schettig  
Thomas Walsh, Sr.  
Thomas Walsh, Jr.  
Julia M. Daly  
Agnes G. Lawler  
Mary Curran  
Patrick H. Brennan  
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Ivins U. Teeple  
Woodrow Charette  
Mary Ward  
Carmen Caputo  
James Butch  
Mrs. F. Vilella  
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Patrick Flynn  
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Jeremiah Burns  
Margaret Murphy  
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J. Cornelius Sheehan  
Joseph William Hesseler  
John J. Nalbach  
Mrs. Warren Sammons  
Anna Dorgan  
Timothy O'Leary  
Joseph Howard Gajan  
Mary Naumann  
Mary Maguire Fitzgerald  
John M. Harmon  
Blanche E. Langan  
Nellie Sullivan  
Henry A. Vonderheide  
Viola Hannaberry  
Ann Greeley  
Agnes Applegate  
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Thomas H. Burke  
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Julia Byrne  
Francis Jerome Arthurs  
Veronica Belasco  
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.





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Your attention is directed to page 516 of this issue where further details are given of both projects.



